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No. 323.

SAFE WHERE THE ANGELS ARE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

How well I can remember
That afternoon in May!
We saw white sails go drifting
Adown the sun-kissed bay.
We heard the fishers singing
Beyond the harbor bar,
And dreamed the world enchanted,
It seemed so vague and far.

You read a little poem,
Your little hand in mine,
I heard the ocean moaning,
And saw the blue waves shine.
The day died, and above us
We saw the vesper star,
While white sails drifted homeward
Across the harbor bar.

Oh, love, the poem's ended,
The brief, sweet dream is o'er,
I hear the ocean sobbing
Upon the rocky shore.
Again I dream, you with me,
The while you are so far,
Oh, love! have you forgotten,
Safe where the angels are?

Nick o' the Night:

THE BOY SPY OF '76. A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER IV.

DRAGOON NETTLETON IS NETTLED. AFTER a moment's silence, Jotham Nettleton repeated his last sentence:
"Nick o' the Night, I'm going to scatter

your brains over moonshine and shadow!"

The young partisan did not reply to this. He appeared a statue in the saddle. His

eyes were fastened on the outlines of his enemy's figure, which he could make out among the trees that cast their dense shadows across the narrow road. It was a moment of peril-a moment freight-

ed with death! Aren't you going to get ready for death?" asked the dragoon, perturbed by the boy's si-

'Ready for what?" returned the captive, in a

voice of well-feigned surprise.
"Death! Is it possible that you have been asleep all this time? I will not believe it! You

want to gain time." A strange smile passed over the young nightrider's face, and without moving his head, he spoke his dog's name in a low tone. Whig was crouched at the edge

shadow that almost kissed Santee's foremost hoofs. At the sound of his master's voice he crawled

into the shadow unseen by the triumphant and "Jotham Nettleton, I did not hope to meet you here," said Nick o' the Night. "I am com-

pletely at your mercy, and if you are a good shot you will not complete your triumph in a bungling manner. "I am a good shot."

'Thanks. How came you here?" "I will tell you, since you are to die," answered the dragoon. "I rode from Dorchester to Azalea with Colonel Holly, who will entrap the accursed Swamp Fox before he returns Twenty-five gallant dragoons are at the man-

sion now. I am a picket. "Ah!" said Nick o' the Night, as if he knew naught of Colonel Holly's visit to Azalea. "You think you will capture Marion?"

"We will! I am not afraid to tell you this because-you know why.' The last word had hardly left the trooper's lips when a short angry growl was heard in the

darkened spot. An animal, huge and strong, had darted, panther-like, from the earth, and seized the dragoon in his saddle!

It was Whig! A cry of terror pealed from Jotham Nettleton's throat, and with the hand from which the unexpected onslaught had dashed the pistol, he boldly seized the wolfish brute, and tried to shake him off.

But in vain! The dog held on to the arm which he had seized with his teeth, and the soldier fancied that he could hear the crushing of the

Added to his situation, which was not to be envied, his horse, frightened by the attack, plunged forward, to be brought to a halt by a hand that suddenly grasped the reins.
"You are mine, Jotham Nettleton!" said the

ing partisan, darting a look of triumph into the face of his foe. "Down, Whig, down!" The dog released the trooper's arm, and

dropped to the ground with looks of dissatisfaction, while his young master, bending forward, seized the scarlet collar. "I ought to scatter your brains over moon

shine and shadow," he said, in a stern tone, that thoroughly frightened Jotham Nettleton, who saw the muzzle of a pistol not far from his asby

"Don't, Nick o' the Night! Would you kill a prisoner?

Nettleton, I do the latter."

The youth laughed. "The king's trooper has turned supplicant, eh?" he cried, derisively. "But a since he was going to kill a captive. The tables have been turned, the captive is the master can slay or spare. On one condition, Jotham

A gleam of hope lit up the dragoon's eyes.

"You must swear to fight no longer against the colonies." A moment's silence followed.

of his teeth is in my arm." ly turned and looked at the dragoon.

The trooper glanced at his torn sleeve, and then shot at the dog a look of anger.

A moment later Nick o' the Night was riding away, and one of the strangest rencontres of

the Revolution was at an end. The British corporal sat on his horse in the road for many moments like a man in a



"I am a British soldier; you fellows are rebels; King George is my king, I have sworn to fight under his banner. You would put me on still distinct, assured him that the dreadest a parole for life."

I would," "I cannot accept it," the soldier said, with determination. "I am not a prisoner of war. We do not recognize you as a belligerent; you "His mercy makes me mad," said the draare a brigand."

ton would not desert the royal cause Balfour was the commandant at Charleston. "Trooper, I can't kill such a devoted man," said Nick o' the Night. "I respect bravery, be it n my direst enemy. Were you at Wax-

"Under Tarleton?"

"Yes."

"My father was killed there. I was at his ide when he fell."

'Ah! that was a bloody battle." "I have said that I would spare none of my captives who fought there. But I can-not kill you, Jotham Nettleton. You will not accept my proffered parole. Under the same circumstances I would not accept one from

"I believe that. Nick o' the Night." The next instant the young partisan sat upright in his saddle again.

"Dragoon Nettleton, you are free!" he said. Let me tell you something. Colonel Holly and his men are prisoners of war. While you have been picket here, Marion and his men have surrounded Azalea and captured the

'The Old Harry!" exclaimed the trooper. "No, the Swamp Fox," said Nick o' the Night, with a smile, and a merry twinkle of the eye.
"Every one captured?"

"Holly should be cashiered and shot." No-promoted for preventing the effusion f blood by a gentlemanly surrender. Look

at the moon, trooper; it is creeping zenith-We must part. Do not attempt to folward. "I will not."

The young partisan stretched forth a hand, 'Are we enemies?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the trooper. "I cannot forget that you robbed me of my dispatches, and disgraced me at head-quarters. I am a corporal, and the loss of my dispatches will cost me my stripes. Yes, we are enemies!"

"Then enemies let us be," was the reply.
Corporal Nettleton, good-night." "Good-night, Nick o' the Night; if somebody

shoots your dog some night, know that I did it, for he has ruined my sleeve, and the imprint The youth, who had started forward, sudden-

"Jotham Nettleton, if you touch my dog I will not hesitate to shoot you down wherever

"So be it," he said. "I am going to kill that

pest of the Carolinas, so lately in his power, was riding away the victor, and his arm,

we do not recognize you as a belligerent; you "Then I must kill you!"

"Then I must kill you!"

"Do it, and tell Balfour that Jotham Nettleon would not desert the royal cause."

"Im that he had not dreamed.

"His mercy makes me mad," said the dragon, inally. "Twice I have been in his power, and as often has he spared me. Last night, when he robbed me of my dispatches, he let me go free; but the looks he darted at me to the readers' notice a new character, who is destined to add exciting interest to our story.

It was near midnight on the self-same night of Holly's capture that two horsemen crossed the Ashley about three miles below Dorchester.

They seemed in haste, for they did not give "What do you propose?" he asked the latter. puzzled me. When I first spoke he started, and to-night, while he gripped my throat, he twisted his head forty ways while he stared into my face. Curse him! yes, blame the boy who must throw dogs at his enemies. I've not done with him yet!"

The trooper paused abruptly and turned his attention to his wounded arm. Seemingly not afraid of more enemies, he

took off his cavalry jacket and bound up his bleeding member as best he could with one "If Holly has been captured, I must ride

back to Dorchester alone. We expected to ride back with Marion and his men," and the

corporal could not repress a laugh. Then, having recovered his pistol from the round, he rode away.

Meanwhile Nick o' the Night was riding to-

ard Azalea, the scene of the capture of Colonel Holly and his men. He did not gloat over his triumph.

On the contrary, his head rested on his breast and he seemed to be busy with perplexing

His thoughts were perplexing.
"I'm going to ask Helen," he said at length, carcely above a whisper. "So like, yet so unlike I can't get him out of my mind."

Then the lips remained closed, and the ride vas continued in silence. By and by he left the road and galloped toward the river, which flowed very near to the mansion of Azalea, and a breeze that suddenly

struck the young partisan's face, was ladened with the perfume of azaleas and magnolia The horse gave a low whinney of delight

when he saw the moonlit waters of the Ashley, which the dragoon took with some show of reductance. and very soon he was bearing his young master down the picturesque bank. "Here we are!" said Nick o' the Night, sud-

denly drawing rein beneath the blossomy limbs of a giant magnolia. At his feet flowed the river whose limpid

water Whig was lapping with delight, and Santee, impatient for his rider to dismount, coveted the dog's freedom with wistfu eyes. Nicholas Brandon sprung to the ground a mo-

nent after the halt "Helen!" he called, in a low, cautious tone.

"Nick!" There was a step deeper in the shadows, and the next moment the partisan stood face to face with Helen Latimer.

He took with eagerness the white hand that was put forth in greeting, and looked into the sparkling eyes of the beautiful girl. "Marion did it gallantly!" she said. "Not

one of Holly's men escaped." "Marion does all his deeds gallantly," the youth answered, with swelling pride. am dying to ask you a question. Helen, did you ever have a brother?

The young girl started, and her dark blue eyes filled with wonderment.

"I never had a brother," she said.

CHAPTER V.

A FRACAS IN KING GEORGE'S FAMILY. LEAVING Nick o' the Night and Helen Latimer at the giant tree, called Latty's Magnolia, let us seek other scenes, that we may introduce to the readers' notice a new character, who is destined to add exciting interest to our story.

their horses time to quench their thirst in the

shimmering water; but were pricking them continually with the spur and urging them on. Once across the river they galloped toward the old fort, the challenge of whose wakeful sentries was soon heard.

To the cry of "who comes there?" one of the horsemen replied:
"Essex Wingdon and son. We want to see

the commandant immediately.'

The sentry told the night riders that the gates should be opened at once, and with scarce minute's delay the twain disappeared beyond the portals of the nearest sally. "Now tell the commandant that we are here

on important business." The speaker's tone was imperative. Colonel King was roused from his dreamful

slumbers, and presently received his late visitors in the little audience room of his quarters. "You come late, but are not unwelcome, he said, with a courteous smile, as he grasped the hands of his callers. "Am I to understand the hands of his callers. that important business brings you here?"
"You are," answered the elder of the twain, a

tall, muscular man of fifty and five. is captured!"

Colonel King's face suddenly grew deadly pale; he gasped for breath as he started from the speaker, and, like a man suddenly attacked laid his hand on the hilt of his sword. "Impossible!" he cried.

What is impossible with Francis Marion? said the son, bitterly. "Colonel King, it is the same old story. But a few hours since the Swamp Fox rode past our plantation, and Colonel Holly was at his side."

"You may have guessed wrongly. Marion may be the prisoner. The elder Wingdon laughed. "Long since, then, you would have stood face to face with the Swamp Fox in this very

room," he said, addressing Colonel King. Holly has been surprised at Azalea!" Colonel King ground his teeth in rage,

stamped the floor madly with his slippered feet. "Can nothing be done?" he cried. "Must we see our detachments cut to pieces and destroyed by such rascals as Marion and Sumter? Our secret expeditions are known to them almost before they have been decided on in council. We must put a stop to their inhuman ravages. From this hour, gentlemen, I devote my energies—every one—to the annihilation of these pests. The capture of General Holly, my old companion in arms, rouses the lion in my bo som. I will give no rest to anybody, none to my mind, until the district wherein I have the his teeth met in my arm." honor to serve our king, has been cleansed of Marion and Sumter."

The colonel spoke with soldierly emphasis, and with the utterance of the last word, his sword fell heavily across the council table. "That is right! We are with you!" said the elder Wingdon. "But if we could strike the

actual cause of our late discomfitures." King gave the speaker an inquiring look. "To whom do you refer?" he asked

"To that accursed boy—that spy whom they call Nick o' the Night."

The colonel's brow darkened.

"Yes, yes," he cried, almost savagely. "Last night he plundered a messenger from Orange-burg, and sent him dispatchless on his journey. burg, and sent him dispatchless on his journey. Three nights since he led a party of rebels upon Waverly's squadron on the Santee, and decimated its ranks. You see, I remain in ignorance concerning the orders from Orangeburg, for that young villain has my papers. Gentlemen, I want to hang that boy!"

"Would you not be satisfied to know that he is dead?" asked Wingdon's son.

"Yes; but I would like to hang him!"

"Whether you hang him or not, his day of vandalism is drawing to a close," replied the

vandalism is drawing to a close," replied the youth, a strong and not unhandsome lad of seventeen. "This night I have taken an oath that Nick o' the Night shall not enjoy his triumph long: Your hand on that, boy!" cried Colonel

King, grasping the member which young Wingdon thrust forward with pride. "Rid this district of his presence, and I will give you a captain's commission in the king's army. Colonel King is a soldier of honor."

"I know that! I hate that young rebel because he has interfered in my affairs."

"What! has he stolen your best horse?"

King asked with a smile, and a cunning look at

the father.

" No!" "Meddled with your love affairs, then?"

Essex Wingdon smiled and nodded.

"Yes," answered the youth, a blush suffusing his face. "I need not keep such things from you, Colonel King. More than one year ago I met and loved Helen Latimer, the daughter of the staunch loyalist who owns Azalea. For expired that the proceed that the process of the staunch loyalist who owns Azalea. awhile I fancied that my love was returned, when an accident occurred that dissipated my fancies. Nicholas Brandon, the young brigand, saved her life and she has clung to him. More than that: I believe that she has furnished him valuable information concerning the move-ments of loyal detachments, which information he has, of course, communicated to the rebel leaders."

"A rebel in Latimer's household? that is bad,"

said the commandant.

"And so long as she remains there she will damage the royal cause.

The last speaker was the elder Wingdon.
"That is true," said King; "these rebel women are shrewd ones. So long as she remains

What do you propose?" he asked the latter. "I propose to have the girl removed from Azalea to Dorchester," was the reply. "Here she will be treated like a lady, though a prisoner, and will no longer play the spy in her father's house. No doubt she informed her

lover of Colonel Holly's arrival at the planta-"Would you remove her without Hugh Latimer's consent?" asked the son. "Of course he will consent," was the reply.

"He hates treason, and will do anything he can to assist in crushing this rebellion." "I like the plan," said King. "The girl shall be well cared for here, and you," to the youth, "can make love to her under the pro-

tection of the British flag." Lancaster Wingdon smiled and blushed. "So it is settled. The girl is to be removed to Dorchester as soon as possible."
"And Nick o' the Night run to earth!" said

the tory youth, with emphasis. "By whom?"
"By me—Lancaster Wingdon! "And Jotham Nettleto The last sentence startled the trio.

at the man who had flung wide the door, and vas standing over the threshold. It was dragoon Nettleton. His appearance was enough to startle the trio to whom he had so unexpectedly manifested his

With one accord they started back and stared

His face was pale and crowned with an angry expression. His left arm hung like a culprit at his side, and the torn sleeve told of the work of teeth or briers. There were dark stains on the

carlet that resembled blood. Colonel King was the first of the conclave who found his tongue.

"Where did you come from?" he asked of Nettleton. "From the immediate vicinity of Azalea," "Is Holly taken?"

"Yes!" "Tell us all about it, corporal." "I don't know much about the surprise, as I was a picket on the road which, of course, the

Swamp Fox did not take. I heard nothing of it, so silently did he do his work." 'But your sleeve?" "I'm coming to that. Give a fellow time to breathe between sentences. I was a picket, I said. I stopped Nick o' the Night. I covered

him with the best pistol in South Carolina; but his dog saved him.

"Didn't you see the dog?"
"Unfortunately I had no eye where my left ear is," said Corporal Nettleton with sareasm. 'I want to kill that dog."

"The boy, you mean."
"No, the dog! But of course I will hunt the boy, too."
"Give me your hand, Corporal Nettleton,"

exclaimed Lancaster Wingdon, "We'll hunt him together."

But the dragoon shrank from the extended hand, while he gave its owner a look of dis-

dain.
"I'll hunt him alone!" he said. "I don't want to be encumbered with a boy!"

The last sentence was rounded off with a cut-

Lancaster Wingdon's face instantly flushed with anger. "A boy?" he retorted. "I'm your equal,

"A boy!" he recoved. "In your equal,"
"Orporal Nettleten."
"My equal?" and the trooper laughed.
"Were you not in the presence of the commandant 1'd give you a trouncing."

The eyes of the tory boy flashed fire at this, and the next moment he stood fuming with passion before the dragoon.

"I'm your equal in everything save years!" e cried. "You are a coward! I never per he cried. mitted a boy of sixteen to rob me of my dispatches. You should be flogged before the garrison for cowardly acts, unbecoming a soldier of the king. I'll warrant that the story you have told is a trumped-up one—that you basely deserted Colonel Holly to-night-that you-The sentence was broken by dragoon Nettle-

ton's clenched hand. It shot out suddenly from his shoulder, and, planting itself with emphasis between the young tory's eyes, sent him reeling like a drunk-

"I'm not a coward!" cried the trooper, see ing Essex Wingdon draw his sword, and dart him a malignant look. "Nobody shall call me such in vain. That boy is no match for Nick o' the Night, who is one of the shrewdest foxes in the State. Give me a chance, and I will outwit him. I have that chance now. I know him, for I have met him."

The speaker was Lancaster Wingdon, who

had risen and was coming forward.

Jotham Nettleton had not struck hard. He could have knocked the young partisan sense-less with the display of no great power. For the commandant's sake, he had given his visitor a comparatively light blow; therefore the quick recovery was not a surprise.

"I say you lie!" repeated the youth, rounding the table before Colonel King and his father could interpose a hand. "I'll have your blood for this, coward!"

Nettleton stepped forward.

"That word again!" shot from between his elenched teeth, and with a blow that was truly a blow he sent the young Tory like a thunder bolt against the wall.

With an oath the father darted forward; but Colonel King sprung between the combatants

and waved his hand toward the door.

"Not here, gentlemen," he said; "not here!"

The next minute Jotham Nettleton was gone.

CHAPTER VI. A COWARDLY SHOT.

WE now return to the youthful twain whom we left, at the close of a preceding chapter, beneath the far-stretching limbs of Latty's Mag-

Helen Latimer's eyes remained full of wonderment when she asked the boy a question:
"Why do you ask whether I had a brother Nick? I thought you knew that Bertha and i are father's sole children."

The young partisan hesitated, and his face colored beneath her look. "I have been dreaming," he answered at

length. "When a person dreams the same dream three times he is apt to think of it." He dared not tell the fair girl of the suspicions he had lately formed.

'So you have dreamed three times that I had a brother?" she said with a smile. "What if your dreams be true?"

He laughed and told her that he had never believed in dreams, and for the time the subject was dismissed.

Helen then narrated the story of Colonel Holly's surprise at Azalea.

'Oh! it was glorious to see that haughty man fling his sword at Marion's feet," she cried with enthusiasm. "You know Holly is so tall, and

the Swamp Fox looked like a boy in stature when he stood in the door and demanded sur-"But, Helen, do you think that the colonel would have struck you if Captain Clayton had

not sprung before him?" cannot say, but Holly was very mad. I feel that I am indebted to the gallant young

captain. He is not my enemy," said Nick o' the

'He is Bertha's lover."

"I accidentally overheard a conversation be tween him and father yesterday, in which I un-Oh. Nick. I wonder if all these British officers expect to find wives in America? 'Perhaps, but many will find graves.

This fair State is dotted with the Yes. graves of friend and foe to-night—the soldiers of freedom and the lovers of the king. Father says we will be crushed.

'Never!" exclaimed the youth. while Washington leads the armies of freedom Helen, America has forever broken the shackles of British slavery, and ere long will stand be fore the world free and clothed in the beauty By and by we will sheath our swords, and with one accord salute the flag that we follow day and night."

She cast the young patriot a look of admira tion, and her eyes flashed as the glowing sentences fell ringing from his lips. Helen Latimer was proud of the boy who

professed to love her. After awhile he told her that Hugh Latimer had discovered the post-office in the tree, and they were debating a course of communication for the future, when a low growl from the dog

made them start. Whig was standing on all fours, and, with bristles up, was looking toward the ford that lay a short distance down the stream. There re two cark objects in the center of the Ashley, and they were advancing slowly toward the bank on which the youthful lovers

"I know them," Helen suddenly whispered "Essex Wingdon and his son."

"Which one?"

"Lancaster. "Do you think they are going to Azalea?"

"No, sir! They have struck to the right they are going home. Ah! those gallant Tories have been to Dor-

chester!" said Nick o' the Night. "They are hawks whose wings should be clipped. For a shilling I'd ride after them and take both down to Marion."

He made a move as if to carry out his words, when Helen touched his arm.
"Stay!" she said. "Let the Tory father and

his young hotspur of a son go home unmolest I do not get to see you often, Nick; so let us have our talk out.

He watched the riders until they were hid from view afar in the moonlight, and then turned to the girl again. It was morning by the measurement of time, though myriads of stars still shone in the sky,

when Helen Latimer with, perhaps, a kiss on her radiant forehead, stole from the river bank, and re-entered the old mansion of Azalea under cover of the oak trees' shade.

She had left the boy outlawed by British proclamation, the boy dreaded by even Lord Rawdon, and hated by every British soldier in She did not dream that she would soon be an

inmate of a British fort—a prisoner in sight almost, of her own home!

Nick o' the Night mounted Santee shortly after Helen Latimer's departure, and took the

road lately traver ed 'y t' e two Tories. Wingdon Hall, their estate, was not far dis tant, and the youth rode toward it at a brisk

As he hurried over the road his mind revert ed to the recontre with Corporal Nettleton He could not forget the dragoon, whose face had been photographed on the tablets of his memory. It was plain that he bore a striking resemblance to Helen Latimer; his eyes were soft and deep like hers; he had her mouth, and his voice possessed a melody that made hers so

"I believe I could not kill him, though strong ly provoked," the boy said at last, while hi horse bore him toward Wingdon Fall. "He looks so much like Helen. I wonder if Hugh Latimer noted the resemblance, while the trocper tarried at Azalea as a member of Colone Holly's detachment? He may call Helen his child; he may swear that Latimer blood course through her delicate veins, but he lies. The Latimer blood is thick with love, blind devotion to the English king; Helen's blood is warmed by the love of liberty, and her heart beats fast when she hears that we have put the foe to

Having finished his self-communing, he lanced to the left, and saw an eminence crowned with a mansion of imposing aspect.

It was Wingdon Hall, looking beautiful in the

fast fading moonlight, and beneath the golder It was the home of the Wingdons, who re-

ced when Tarleton won the infamous victory at Waxhaw Creek, and at whose board Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon had drank to the health of King George the Third.

The first Wingdon who came to America was cavalier, whose sword flashed in the sunlight of Naseby's field, where the banners of the unfortunate Charles J. fled before the ensigns of Cromwell. Impoverished by long loyalty to the royal cause, and illy repaid from a ham-pered treasury by grants of land in the new world, he found his heart's Utopia on the banks of the Ashley, where he erected the mansion. A devotee of monarchy, in whose cradle he had been rocked, is it a wonder that he adhered to the royal cause during the Revolution, and that two of his sons actually drew their swords by the side of Cornwallis, and swore to assist in the suppression of American rebellion?

Lancaster, his youngest son, with a heart full of loyalty, wanted to follow his brothers' example, but was persuaded to remain at home much against his desires and resolves. He was a youth whose partisanship was very bitter, and the reader who has witnessed an exhibition of his passion, has no doubt dubbed him a true decendant of young Hotspur.

"Yonder's a nest of Tories," Nick o' the Night said, as if addressing some person at his "Some of these fine nights we will ride up here and break it up. 1'd like to see old Wingdon froth when he finds himself Marion's prisoner, and, as for that hot-headed son of his, I'd like to cross arms with him. They say he so strong!"

The horse having reached a road that led to the right, turned in that direction, and the youth smiled his approval. "Santee knows the roads to Marion's camps

as well as his master," and as he spoke he affectionately patted his steed's neck. The next minute a loud voice from over his

eft shoulder cried "halt!" He started, but did not draw rein.

'Nick o' the Night, if you do not stop I'll

half around in the saddle, with his spurs increasing Santee's gait. A moment of silence followed the sound of the last syllable.

Then came the sharp, whip-like report of a rifle, and a tremor passed suddenly over the young partisan's frame!

Surely he had been struck, for he reeled like a wounded man in the saddle, and fell forward on the horse's neck!

"Faster! faster! Santee!" he cried to his steed, whose quick ears caught the words couch ed in accents of pain. "If I must die, let me die in Marion's camp. Oh! Lancaster Wing don, if I live I will pay you for this cowardly

The horse darted forward like the wind. H eemed to know that his young rider was badly wounded, and ere long he began to smell the warm blood that trickled over his neck.

A moment after the shot another horse But his rider sat bolt upright in the saddle, and his spurs were red with blood.

It was Lancaster Wingdon, the young Tory and he was pursuing the boy whom he knev his ball had wounded.

But Santee was a horse of tried mettle, and the Tory youth soon found that he pursued in

vain, and gave up the chase. He saw the dark horse disappear before h turned toward the old loyalist, who awaited

his return with much rejoicing I've settled accounts with Nick o' the Night at last," he said with triumph. "Not only have I done the royal cause great service, but have removed a dangerous rival. Now, no per on stands between me and Helen Latimer!

As he rode back he moved his hand over his ace, which appeared much swollen, and then felt the back of his head.

'I can't decide," he said with a smile, "which hurt the worse-Nettleton's fist or the wall. It appears to me that Colonel King's walls are un

The laugh he gave had a melancholy sound and a moment later he hissed these words Jotham Nettleton, if you were Lord Corn

When you struck me you trampled on a scor pion that will sting you to death! You may live to kill the dog, but I have killed the mas ter Wingdon assured his father that Nick o' the Night would never annoy the royal cause again. (To be continued—commenced in No. 322.)

THE Melbourne Argus says that large quantities of jewels have recently been im orted there with the intention of evading th duty. The goods were transhipped from Europe to Sidney, where there is no duty or jewelry, unpacked there, and brought back t ictoria in portmanteaus as personal baggage. A large firm which has been detected in the practice was mulcted in ten thousand dollars

HEARTSEASE.

BY MRS. E. S. BRADLEY.

Of all the bonny buds that blow In bright or cloudy weather, Of all the flowers that come and go The whole twelve months together,

I had a little lover once, Mho used to give me posies;
Wis eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses.
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me Made little jealous speeches, Because he brought me royally His biggest plums and peaches, And always at the door would wait To carry home my book and slate.

They couldn't see"—with pout and fling—
"The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes and longer curls!"

And this I knew as well as they, And never could see clearly Why more than Marion or May I should be loved so dearly. So once I asked him why was this? He only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased him "Tell me why—
I want to know the reason;"
When from the garden-bed close by
(The pansies were in season)
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
"With lilles pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchsias' purple splendor;
But over and above the rest
This little heartsease suits me best."

"Am I your little heartsease, then?"
I asked, with blushing pleasure;
He answered yes! and yes again—
Heartsease, and dearest treasure;
That the round world and all the se
Held nothing half so sweet as me.

I listened with a proud delight
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed that sudden blight
Would ever come to chill my rapture.
Could I forsee the tender bloom
Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I have had other losses since
I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

The Cross of Carlyon:

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD. A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER V. LITTLE CHRISTABEL.

WINTER passed and springtime strewed the earth with laughing flowers. It was then that Lochwood showed what a change had been

wrought in its vast area. The well-pruned trees burst forth in the glory of their verdure; roses blushed and breathed their perfume; honeysuckles and clustering vines leaped to the wreath of new garlands everywhere; birds warbled their songs in bush and meadow; the arbors were trysts to invite the love-feasts of fairies.

In one of these arbors, as I strolled aimlessly one afternoon, I came upon Miss Christabel. She was fast asleep on the rustic seat, in a sit-ting posture, her head resting half-sideways on the gnarled back, one arm across her lap, with a book escaping her listless fingers. Her throat was exposed, betraying charms to plunge one's enses in a sea of raptures; and there was the grayish circle on the pure skin.

How heavenly was the picture! How superb must have been the dream of her unconscious ess. For her cheeks were dyed with mo ing to some fair presence that she alone could

I clasped my hands, and scarce breathed, lest I should thereby arouse her, and destroy the loveliest vision I had ever fancied.

"Christabel! Christabel!" I murmured, "oh how I love! With all your mysteries, and though the penalty were death—yes, yes,] I lost sight of the strange mark on her throat,

only the wondrous beauty of my idol engaged my fixed, passionate eves My veins pulsed with fire; my body burned with the heat of my adoration, now augmented

seven-fold by the romance of the picture I ventured nearer. How easy to bend and kiss those tempting lips, to feel the warm thrill of their touch as I had once when we parted by the old Joppa pike. No one was near-all alone I stood with the temptation of a face up turned in its ravishing light, purposely, as it not dare. Why? Because she was Christabel

To touch her would be sacrilege. Carlyon. I could touch what she had touched; this was bliss. There lay the book in her lan a small volume in purple velvet. It would be a dear souvenir; I could cherish it, and read the pages she had read. Surely she could forgive so light a theft

Stealing forward with cat-like tread, I gently grasped the book. As I did so, my glance fell again upon the grayish circle round her throat, and something—I may never know exactly -caused me to shudder.

Retreating noiselessly, I paused outside the arbor. The book was mine. I would keep it I showered kisses upon it, blessed it, thought of the jeweled fingers which had so recently clasped it.

Looking into the book, I was surprised to dis cover that it was a Bible-surprised doubly for the very first words my eyes rested on,

"When I looked for good, then evil cam unto me; and when I waited for light there came darkness! The paragraph struck me unpleasantly. Clos-

ing the Bible, I glanced back into the arbor. Miss Christabel had disappeared. What if she had heard my impassioned avow al of love for her?—witnessed my foolish and resumptuous actions? Would she be angry

I was not answered in this particular. But I was duly sensible of the fact, in the days that followed, that she treated me with extraordi-On two or three occasions, she entertained me with performances on the guitar and piano I became her regular companion at meals. Her conversations were delightful evidences of her

that I was no longer myself, but some new-born creature, whose gradual perfection was the re cult of contact with Miss Christabel, the Lady of Lochwood.

refined intellect. My manner and habits im-

slumbering volcano; and I had begun to conceive that Miss Christabel was intended for me solely. Nobody visited Lochwood, nor did we desire it; we walked, rode, chatted together familiarly, each seeming perfectly satisfied with our self-imposed exclusion from acquaintances. My greatest dread was that there might be some time an intruder.

Toward the middle of June, another surprise came. We were seated in the drawing room, conversing upon matters of improve ment affecting Lochwood, when visitors were

announced. "A woman an' a gurl," said the servant. "Show them in at once," said Miss Christa-

She rose quickly, and fixed her flashing eyes on the doorway in overpowering suspense.

The visitors entered. One, a woman past fifty years, slim of figure, wrinkled and gray. The other-oh, bewilderment!-a child of about nine years, with deep black eyes and jetty, flowing hair; a most perfect counterpart of Miss Christabel.

"Mamma!" cried the girl, springing forward. 'My child! my child!" fairly screamed Miss

Christabel. She clasped the little one in her arms, and went into a transport of joy, so great that I

could scarce credit my sen But what had I heard? This child called her "Mr. Harrison!" - she was laughing and

weeping simultaneously, on her knees, with her arms round the girl—"oh, Mr. Harrison! this is my own darling-my baby. I have not seen her since she was taken from my bedside at birth. 's she not beautiful?—my own! And this is Meggy Merle"—turning to the woman. "God bless you, Meggy, for you have fulfilled your promise, and brought me my child, with

my name on its lips!" "Yes, my lady," said this Meggy Merle, who cried in sympathy as she beheld the joyful meeting betweeen the mother and daughter. "Yes, I've brought her up with one hope ever in her precious heart—that she would one day I taught her to say 'mamma' when she was but thirteen months old: and she's lived begging me to bring her to you, ever since told her of her good and beauteous mother."
"And you named her—"

"Christabel! my gem! do you love mam-"With all my heart, next to God!" answered the child, hugging tighter to her new-

found mother. "That's what I taught her, too, my lady," said Meggy Merle. "To love God before all

things, and you above the world itself." "Oh, Meggy Merle!" sobbed Miss Christabel now, going to the woman and embracing her,

'may the God you have taught my child to love, reward you as I never can!" Then her every ardor seemed to center again in little Christabel. Running back to her she brought her up to me.

"Mr. Harrison, you will love her for my

sake. She is my very heart."

I did not feel nor act as I should. For the first time, I had discovered that Miss Christabel was capable of affection. And now it was all bestowed upon the radiant child which she claimed as her own, "her darling," "her gem." She was asking me to love it—the offspring of another man who had at one time possessed those charms, and reveled in blisses that I was panting for. I remembered the letter I had delivered in Baltimore nearly a year before. What was the mystery of this child, which Miss Christabel had not seen since the hour of its birth?—what shame, perhaps, attached to

I took little Christabel's hand, and spoke some kind words. But my voice was cold and un-

"I did not know you had a child, Miss Christabel? 'Even its father never knew."

'You did not tell me you were once mar-Were you once married?"

I almost cursed my lips for having uttered such a question; but it seemed to me, the words eeks flamed, and the coal-black eyes

'Impudence! how dare you ask me that? How dare you insinuate— I interrupted her, the wild turmoil of my breast getting the better of me; I was no long-

leamed fierily.

er my own master. It was a crisis as unex-pected to me as to her. "Because I love you!" I cried, springing from my seat; "because you are to me what the sun is to the drooping flowers of the earth! -my idol! with all your mysteries, I could hold you in my arms, and die in dreams of everlasting joy. This is why I dare. You will not forgive me; but now you know why I have lingered in your path, watched your every ovement, always placed faith in your course. Loath me—dismiss me. My secret is out; at last I am relieved. I care not what follows. Oh. my brain! my brain!" and in a mad whirl of excitement I walked rapidly to and fro, pressing my throbbing temples. I thought my head

ould burst. The expression of her face softened the angry flush vanished. Ah! she must have pitied

"I have heard such a confession before," said she, too low for Meggy Merle to hear. Then my surmises were correct. She had been awake—not asleep, as she appeared—when the scene in the arbor transpired. then and now how I adored her, she did not

spurn me; yet her calmness was terrible. "I am sorry for you, Mr. Harrison," whispered-then, with a sigh, turned away, eckoning Meggy, and the three left me. Oh! my heart, my heart; would it break or harden, after such a tableau as that?

CHAPTER VI

THE GLOOM THAT SHADOWED. now many times I roamed off in the lonely voods to grieve and mourn over a nameless rouble in my mind. I did not go to my mother in this strait.

Miss Christabel knew what a struggle I was having. She treated me as kindly, met me with smiles, as if nothing had happened. There even in her pity.

Meggy Merle and her charge were now fixed members of the household. Little Christabel was introduced to the servants as the future mistress of Lochwood, and became a great fa-

In time, I began to acknowledge an affection for the child. Miss Christabel noticed this, and it brought me back to full favor. As if by mutual understanding, the scene in the drawing-room was never alluded to, nor its subject proved under such influences, until I really felt

I was agreeably surprised as my acquaint ance with little Christabel grew more intimate. Her mother had told her to consider me a dear In such a tide of life, my love lived like a friend and champion. Though she had not yet

attended school, I found her well instructed concerning the ruling God above, His mercies and omnipotence; and the earth beneath, its richness, beauty and vastness; and our life, its duty of goodness and charity. Such a child could not long be kept out of one's heart; I took her in, for herself and her mother's sake.

We rambled about, in the paths, in the woods, among the flowers of Lochwood; she went with me often, when I drove to Balti-more on business, and was ever-expressing her delight in my companionship. Indeed, I dis-covered that I was devoting more time to her society than Miss Christabel's.

One day, I noticed something. We were down by the trickling water that overflowed from the spring, and she was gathering bright pebbles, dabbing away, and chatting merrily Rolling up the sleeve of her right arm, to clear it from the wet, I saw on her skin the mysterious sign that had perplexed me many times previous: a device of a bloody cross, pricked in

red and black India ink. "The Cross of Carlyon!" I thought. "What-ever it signifies, it affects this innocent child

About this date, my mother was taken seriously ill. She had been complaining for quite a while, and now her ailment assumed the shape of a dangerous malady. The doctor was sent for, and he expressed doubts, owing to the weakness of old age, of her possible recovery. We nursed her tenderly—that is, Miss Christabel, her daughter and myself, by turns. With all the care of our solicitude, however, I saw that the end was drawing near; my dear mother's life was fading fast away. She died all too soon. Her last words were:

"Jerome, this strange lady has been very kind to us. Even I, though I formerly disliked her, have learned to love her. God guide you, my darling son; He knows all things. try to be near you. And when danger threatens, if the dead can speak, then you'll hear your mother's voice. Farewell-farewell; do not mourn, for I am happy, and ready to meet

your dear father." I knelt beside her cold form through the dreary night; none disturbed the sacred flood of my sorrow. I never forgot her dying promise to speak to me from the unseen world of spirits, and wished for that danger to haste and enace me, which was to bring again to my ears the sweet sound of my mother's voice.

Miss Christabel tried to ease my mind of its sadness. When, after months—which she allowed to lapse in solemnity through respect for the dead-had brought us to the verge of autumn, she resorted again to the piano and guitar, and we drove out as of old. One of these evenings she sat at the piano singing. Her rich contralto voice filled the room and floated out upon the dewy night. She was attired in gorgeous taste; her loveli-

ness had seemed to take a more angelic formif it were possible—since the advent of her daughter. I turned the pages of the music for her; my ears drank the delicious notes with rapturous thirst. A song of such weird pathos, too—all

love and poetry, inspiring as the harps of My passion came over me unbidden. My gaze upon her face, as it anon glanced up to mine, was burning with the pulse of intensest thoughts, and must have expressed the brink on which I trembled. I was about to cast myself at her feet, declare again the foolish yearning of my being, and implore her mercy.

She must have read me. The music slowly

"Mr. Harrison, calm yourself," she said. "Oh, Christabel! you do not know-" "Hush! Do not call me 'Christabel;' do not ead yourself into so much wretchedness. Had I foreseen this, I would not have sung as I did.'

'Miss Christabel, you already despise me?" "No. I do not." "How can I exist this way? Yet I cannot fly from you; that would be even more misera-

ble than my present restraint. You pity me?"
"I more than pity you, Mr. Harrison," was her very low answer. "You think I am a marble image, or too proud to be appreciative of your affection. But know that there are others in this world who have loved me in vain This much I will unbosom to you"-and her voice was tremulous with earnestness—"I have loved. There was one in whom I dreamed that day, light, life, all that was necessary to my ardent being, centered in one great universe of soul. My lot then was not the easy luxury it is now. I found that I was naught to this object of my idolatry, save a bubble, a plaything, to be eventually tossed aside. crushed me trouble fearful beyond bearing. I was deserted by every one; even the man I would have died for, left me to a cruel doom. I escaped a death so terrible that I dare not name it. And as I began a new life, so did my heart shrink and petrify, until, to love any one, or anything, was an impossibility. The last remaining spark of affection was the portion of my little girl, who is now returned safely to me, after nine years of separation. If you love me, love her; give it all to her-perchance she will need, in the future, a love like yours is. She is pure and innocent. never know my trials, for Meggy Merle's lips are sealed by a vow. I do not despise you, neither do I extend the poor pity you think I do. I shall always look to you as an adviser, a cherished companion, the first or only friend I cared for since the day I received the curse of this mark," and here she pulled down the ruffles from her neck, showing me the strange gray

"We shall still be friends, Mr. Harrison?" she had risen, was holding toward me one of her jeweled hands, as if she expected me to rush from her in commingled despair and of-

fect upon me. We had thus discovered the mutual need of our hearts-sympathy. On the instant, the boyish impulsiveness went out of me; I was a calm, thoughtful man, my love for her curbed by a boundary of reason.

"I shall never cease to love you, Miss Christabel, and I here transfer a portion of that worship to your child. If the time ever comes, when she will need a strong arm, and the shelter of a friendly heart, she shall find both in

"Come-let us walk upon the piazza. We'll be very dear to each other, now; but, remem-

I finished the sentence with my own words: "I will never broach the subject again."
It was strange I could so calmly promise that, after what my mind had undergone; but

it seemed very easy, after all. From that night, our relations were of a delightful character. We were cousins. She left to me, trusted to me implicitly, the direction of her affairs; and I felt renewed pride at seeing her business prosper under my management.

With her sanction, I had gone into a large speculation. I was absent a whole week from ochwood, guarding my venture and waiting for results. During that time a servant brought a perfumed note from her, expressive of despondency at my long stay in town, and

I treasured this missive with a jealous pleasure, and sent a cheering reply. Soon my business was transacted. I had cleared \$7,000. Ordering my buggy from the stables, I made all haste to rejoin the dear ones at Lochwood.

While going at a rattling pace, I met Meggy Merle and little Christabel on the road, heading in the opposite direction. They were almost on

"Meggy, what's the matter?" asked I, reining

"The Hawk! The Hawk!" she gasped, huskily. The Hawk! That name again! I had not heard it since the night of my weird visit to the vaults when I first met Miss Christabel.

"'The Hawk!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?" "He's up there at Lochwood. Oh! my poor lady. She'd rather 'a' met the de'il 'in

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison!" wailed little Christabel, "we've got to run away and hide. Meggy says he's a wicked, wicked man. I'm afraid he'll hurt mamma. Won't you hurry to

At these words of the child, I gave my horse a cut with the whip.
"Take that and remember the place," cried

Meggy Merle, tossing a slip of paper into the buggy as I dashed off.

Picking up the slip, I saw that it read: Meggy Merle, S. Dallas street.

She would take the child there for safety, and could come for her. But why for safety?
Who was this man called "The Hawk?" What
meant the wail of the child, when she said he would hurt mamma?

Christabel in danger! Gods! how slow the horse went. I struck him with lash and butt till he broke into a gallop; I flew over the road like a shooting specter to the rescu

Then I was at Lochwood, up the drive, in the house, at the parlor door, and-I paused. Miss Christabel stood holding to the back of a chair for support; her face was livid in its whiteness, but her eyes!—they shone like two small suns, fierce, hot, flashing a dreadful fire. Before her was a tall, stout man, with hawkish visage, snaky orbs, and mien—though dressed expensively—mien of a dare-devil ruffian.

Neither observed me. As I paused he was

"Yes, my pretty one, it was by the merces accident I discovered that Christabel Carlyon was living at Lochwood—that my beautiful home. Do you think you will continue to live here?" have grown, to be sure."

"Albert Arly, will you take your hateful presence from this house?" "Really! What a reception! Come, now. Christi, do not be unreasonable; I can't stand

it; I've come to stay." 'Heaven send me a potion of death, rather

than your society. Begone!"
"Heigho! my little Christi is fuller of spirit
than she used to be." Your 'little Christi' died two years ago,

Albert Arly-" "Eh?" he interrupted, leeringly, "it doesn't seem so; for here she is, alive and well, and in asking a very sour humor." Then his tone altered to a fierceness: "I'll tell you what; I'm pleased it." with your beauty, and mean to make you wed

me over again." "Oh, yes. What will prevent me! If you refuse, why, all I have to do, is to publish how you died by the hangman's noose. Think of your child. Ah! I had near forgotten, the servants told me you had a child. Where is she? Is she yours and mine? For her sake, Christi,

vou'd better." No, no, no!" screamed Miss Christabel, 'not for my sake nor for hers, how great the

'But you shall, Christi!" he cried, taking a step toward her, and grasping her rudely by

This was too much. I leaped into the room, and set upon him with an insane fury.

At one blow I sent him reeling backward

against the mirror, which fell in a crash of My madness alone must have intimidated

him. Recovering from the blow I had struck him he rushed for the door, while Miss Christabel sunk to her knees, her head bowed low, and both arms elinging round my limbs. "Clear out!" I shouted. "Begone, or I shall

kill you!" At the door he stopped for a second, and shook his fist with a horrible gesture. Your child, Christi-your child! Ha! ha!"

then he was gone. As he disappeared, Miss Christabel fainted and fell heavily.

Ringing for assistance, and seeing her carried to the room, I summoned the stabler. When the man came, I said, excitedly:

"If ever you see that person round here again set the dogs on him—every one—and let them tear him into a thousand shreds! Neglect my order, and you'll lose your situation."

The burly fellow gaped in astonishment, but

promised to obey. The shock of the visit on the part of this man whom she detested—her husband, who had previously deserted her in the hour of doomwhatever that doom was-proved a fatal one

She was not down next day, nor the next. Then there were whispers of her illness, could not remain longer away from her; sought the darkened, silent room, and was saded by the sight she presented. As if at the touch of some withering hand,

her beauty had gone, gone utterly and forever, nothing left but a helpless, sinking wreck. "Mr. Harrison, I am glad to have you with me," she said, faintly, trying to smile, as I took

her icy hands in mine. "Oh, Miss Christabel, are you so ill as this?"
"Yes, ill unto death. I will never get well; I have given up the hope. Look at me-am

myself? I averted my face to conceal a shudder.

'I do not blame you, Mr. Harrison; nobody could love me, ugly as am now."
"You mistake me," I declared, sincerely.

"It was not your changed appearance that caused me to turn away; it was that you, so glorious once, so dear to me still, should be

drooping, drooping away."
"Drooping away. Yes—I am going."
I did not try to cheer her with the hope of recovery; what use in it? She knew, and I saw, that she had not long to live. Oh! how I hated Albert Arly. If he and I were to meet again, it would not be well for him.

"Mr. Harrison, my will was made some time fort, where all seemed lost in deep repose ago and duly witnessed. You'll find it in the

urging me to get through early, as Lochwood I have the strength. Give me some of the cor- arms, and awaiting the coming of their foes,

was dull and cheerless without me. There was a P. S. from little Christabel; it said:

"Come right home, Mr. Harrison, or I'll be offended with you."

I have the strength. Give he some of the cordial, on the stand, please."

I obeyed silently. It was a pleasure to minister to her, even though at such a time of awful feeling. The dose revived her, somewhat

"Everything to my child, Mr. Harrisoneverything," she said, presently. "You will be sole executor and trustee, without bond, un-til she arrives at age."
"Oh, Christabel! My Christabel!"

"Promise to guard it for her." "I will."

"Do you remember what you once said!-Love her tenderly, Mr. Harrison; cherish her for the sake of this poor body, soon to pass away to its final sleep. Christabel is a good girl; she is capable of loving as I did, when I Lyas younger." was younger."

How calmly she talked. Surely, this woman ould never have committed a wrong in her past life, or she could not thus speak, so sacredy gentle, on the precipice of death and judg-

Tears flowed freely down my cheeks. She pressed my hands, the mute attempt to soothe ny grief. It was a strange reverse of what it should have been: the dying comforting the trong and living.

"Oh! Christabel, how can I lose you so?" "By being strong, in bowing to the will of the Almighty "His will be done!"

"Have you paid attention, Mr. Harrison? Do you promise?" I promise to take care of Christabel, to cher-

ish her as I hope God will cherish my soul when it goes to Him at last!"
"Thank you—thank you. My mind is much

Then followed a holy, holy stillness; in a few noments she spoke again.

"One thing more, Mr. Harrison. My private diary is in my writing-desk, the key beneath my pillow. Possess yourself of it before the event of my death, or unforeseen accidents might place it in other and curious hands. Read it when I am gone—not until then, remember. My mysteries will be no longer mysteries. I would rather little Christabel never earned what it contains. My life ought to be to her a sealed tomb. Do you know where she

"Yes; with Meggy Merle."
"Ah! faithful Meggy Merle. She is dear to me, Mr. Harrison."

I said nothing. I had no voice.
"What the diary don't explain she will.
She must be always provided with a good

"I thought it would be so much more pleas-ant for little Christabel. The place is looking beautiful, and it would keep her removed from the snares of men-bad men. And, Mr. Harrison"—as a thought seemed to strike her suddenly—"bury me in the same lot with your mother. She and you, besides Meggy, were my only true friends."

"What else, Miss Christabel?"
"Nothing. Stop; yes, there is something else. Beware of Albert Arly. Hide and preerve my child from him.'

"Is he her father?" I could not refrain from "Yes-God pity her. She must never know

"She shall not." "There, I believe I'll go to sleep a little, now, Mr. Harrison."

Her sunken eyes closed languidly, she seemed to settle in a peaceful slumber. For some moments I remained at the bedside, watching her, thinking of her.

I found the key beneath the pillow, as she had informed me, and obtained the diary from her writing-desk. A long, thick, black morocco book, most too bulky for my pocket, and

"not for my sake nor for ners, how greated disgrace! No power nor dread can compel me to live again with Albert Arly, a gambler, one to live again with Albert Arly, a gambler, one ed to love their strange mistress, were gathered in groups down-stairs, some sobbing the wool.

But mine was the woe of a hundred tor-

I dispatched a servant to the address of Meg gy Merle, bearing a note which ran briefly

"MEGGY: —You had better return at once to Lochwood. Miss Christabel has been quite sick for several days, and I fear that she is about to leave us. Do not alarm little Christabel. Break it gently, Meggy, and come without any delay.

But the servant came back, saying that there was no such person to be found anywhere in I was about to depart for the city myself, after Meggy-thinking it was a mere blunder on the part of my messengerwhen I was summoned hastily to the side of Miss Christabel.

The doctor was there. He could do no more. He said her sickness was not of a kind within the reach of medicine. It was her last hour. Then I counted the minutes with bated

breath. Toward midnight Miss Christabel opened her They flashed with their old-time luster,

fixed steadily on me; she smiled and murmun 'Mr. Harrison—my child!"

Then, with this expiring glimmer, her life vent out. Oh, God! how could I realize it! My own life seemed to exhaust itself, too They had to drag me away from her side,

'Christabel! Christabel!" as if my voice ould follow her in the spirit flight to lands in the hallowed Beyond! (To be continued—commenced in No. 321)

RECOMPENSE.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Oh, what is joy but perfect sadness? And what is any song of gladness But the triumphant end of tears? The bosom that is deepest laden With fragrant roses out of Aiden, Has paid their cost in woe-fraught years!

Kansas King:

THE RED RIGHT HAND BY BUFFALO BILL (Hon. WM. F. CODY), AUTHOR OF "DEADLY-EYE, THE UN-

KNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WAR-CRY AND THE SURPRISE.
NIGHT, serenely beautiful, with its silver moon lighting up the bold scenery upon every hand, settled upon the Black Hills, and the shadow of the mountains fell upon the miner's

But the silence resting there was a treacher-

which all knew were to hurl themselves against them that night.

Since the day before, when he had left the valley retreat with Tom Sun, Red Hand had been constantly on the move, scouting about the hills, and his reconnoissance had wholly discovered the intended plan of attack decided upon by the Indians.

According to promise, Pearl had met hlm in the gorge and told him that from the ledge she had witnessed the coming of Kansas King, and heard all that had passed between him and her father, who had told the outlaw chief that the night following he would come to his camp with five hundred warriors, and that they would together move on the miners' strong

Kansas King had agreed to Gray Chief's clans, and then took his departure, apparently satisfied with the good faith of his allies, while the old hermit laughed in his sleeve at the way he had fooled the outlaw, for it was his inten tion that very night to hurl his whole force upon the robber camp, and, after a general massacre, to divide his warriors into two parties and at once attack the two pale-face encamp-

As soon as he learned the plans of the Indians, and also heard from Pearl about the arrival of the cavalry in the Black Hills, Red Hand at once set out on his return to the tronghold, going by the way of the gorge where the troopers were encamped, and holdng a long conversation with Captain Edwin Archer, with whom he was well acquainted. having often met him at the forts on the bor-

Arriving at the stronghold, Red Hand at once arranged his forces to meet the attack, and then all awaited the coming storm of bat-

Whether Kansas King suspected the Hermit Chief of bad faith, or determined to strike a blow himself against the settlements, is not known; but, certain it is, that, as soon as darkness set in, he moved his men at once toward the Ramsey stockade, and after a gallant charge up to the walls discovered that the occupants had deserted the place.

Chagrined at this discovery the outlaw chief rode with all due dispatch toward the strong hold of the miners, and arrived there about the time that Gray Chief and his red warriors reached the camping ground of the robbers, to find that they had fled.

With rage at the move of Kansas King, the Indians at once set out for the Ramsey settlement, gloating over their anticipated revel in blood, and again were they doomed to disap-pointment, and in fear that their enemies had scaped them they rode rapidly for the stronghold of the miners.

rattle of firearms, and then it flashed across the Hermit Chief that Kansas King had outwitted him, and was determined to alone take the plunder from the miners, and reduce their strong hold to ashes. Urging his braves to press on with all haste.

Ere they arrived, however, they heard the

the firing grew louder, and then the fort came in sight, the flashes of the rifles lighting up the dark mountain-side. As the band of warriors pressed on, Kansas

King suddenly confronted the Hermit Chief, and with coolness said: "Well, old man, you procrastinated too

much, so I have begun the fight."

Both men felt that the other was playing some deep game; yet they were auxious to then receive aid, the one from the other, for the outlaws had already suffered severely, and at a glance the Hermit Chief and White Slayer felt that the stronghold would not be easily

So they concluded to fight together against the miners. The Indians were thrown into po sition, and the battle at once raged in all its In vain was it that the outlaws, under their reckless young leader, hurled themselves against the stockade walls; in vain that the warriors resorted to every cunning artifice known to

many an outlaw and Indian bit the dust. Come, this will never do. We must charge in column with our whole force and throw ourselves over the walls. I will lead," cried Kan-

sas King, almost wild with fury at the stubborn resistance of the gallant defenders. "It is the only chance, I see. Here, White Slayer, form your men for a bold rush," replied the stern old Hermit Chief, and then, with

demoniacal yells, the mad column of outlaws and red-skins started upon the charge. Like hail the leaden bullets fell in their midst: and terrible was the havoc; but on they press-ed—Kansas King, the Hermit Chief, and White

Slaver at their head. On, still on, until the dark column reached the stockade, and pringing upon the shoulders of his braves, the daring White Slayer was the next nstant upon the top of the wall, his wild war-

whoop echoing defiance and tri mph.

But, ere the echo died away, a tall form prung beside him from the inner side of the wall; then came the gleam of a knife, a thud, another glitter of the blade, and the brave roung chief was hurled back among his war-

iors cut to the heart, and scalped. Then arose a wild war-cry, well known to many there, and those who had heard it before knew that Red-Hand, the Scout, had slain their

Yet the Sioux still held their ground, and n a dozen places were scaling the walls when behind them came a ringing order in trumpet

Troopers to the rescue—charge! Then was heard the hearty cheer of regular soldiers, a rattling of sabers, a heavy trampling of many hoofs, and upon the rear of the attacking force rushed a squadron of cavalry half a hundred strong, and at their head rode Captain Edwin Archer.

The sight that followed was a scene of terri ble carnage, for in wild dismay the Indians and outlaws fled, the battle lost to them at the moment they believed victory their own.

CHAPTER XXIX DRIVEN TO HIS LAIR.
As the stampede became general, two men nounted their horses and dashed rapidly away

p the gorge But upon their track rode a small party that had dashed out of the stronghold in hot pur-suit, and had been joined by two others, who gladly gave chase.

The two who were flying in advance for their ves, were the Hermit Chief and Kansas King, ooth bitterly cursing their misfortune. The three men who had ridden from the ronghold in pursuit were Red-Hand, Lone

Dick and Paddy—all well mounted.

The two horsemen who had joined in the chase were captain Archer and Tom Sun, the latter having left the retreat in the valley to guide the troopers to the rescue of the stronghold, bave but a short time left; I must speak while balf a hundred brave men resting upon their men whose horses could stand the hard ride, for, true to his word, Wentworth, the courier,

leaving Major Wells and the remainder of the battalion to follow more leisurely.

There were five men in hot chase of the Hermit Chief and the outlaw leader—five men determined to capture them or die in the at-

On flew the two chiefs up the dark gorge and like bloodhounds on the trail, rode Red-Hand and his followers. Up the valley, over the hills, through canyon

up to the base of the hill whereon stood the ermit's cabin. Here the two fugitives sprung from their

norses and darted up the steep ascent.

But close behind them was Red-Hand, and trung out behind him were the other four. At last the ledge was reached, and upon it the lion turned at bay, for he saw that the Scout was close behind him.

Like an enraged beast the Hermit Chief "Tracked to my lair at last-at last; but,

Vincent Vernon, you shall die!"
With gleaming knife the old hermit sprung orward, but Red-Hand, with a cry of rage, as hough he recognized the man before him, and had some bitter injury of the past to avenge, net him with a terrible earnestness—ay, met im to hurl him back from him with a strength that was marvelous, and with one plunge of nis blade sent its keen point deep into the broad

osom of his foe. One stifled cry, and the Hermit Chief fell back his full length upon the hard rock, just as Kansas King, who had found the door of the cabin barred against him, turned also at bay, to be met by a blow from the pistol butt of the gallant Paddy, which felled him, stunned,

to the earth (To be continued—commenced in No. 315.)

STAY, I'V. A MESSAGE!

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Stav, I've a message, friend!
Will you bear a word for me?
For mother will be waiting
For your freighted bark from sea.
I fancy she'll be standing
Very near the river's brim,
Looking o'or the shadowy billows
When the tide is coming in.

If you do not meet her there,
Seek among the starriest-crowned;
Seek amidst the snowiest garments,
'Till my long-lost one is found.
You surely will know mother,
By her love-lit, soft brown eyes,
For I know, that e'en in Heaven,
Earth's love taper never dies.

Hers the patient, sad, sweet face
Furrowed with the cares of time—
Or are all the furrows softened
By the glimmer of that clime?
Iknow not—but oh, I wonder
Will her dear face be so changed,
That it shall be hard to find her
'Mong the ransomed Christ has named.

Tell her I ne'er think of her
As 'neath the church-yard sod,
But that she, in Heaven's twilight,
Roams the amaranth hills of God.
When the dimming lights of earth-land,
Pale and star-land lamps I see—
Is the shimmer of her splendor
Lit, by her dear hand, for me?

When the Lily of the Vale When the Lily of the Vale
Strings her pearls on emerald spray,
I muse on pearls she gathers
Where ambrosial waters play,
When thought blooms watt a fragrance
Through my brain, before my eyes,
Did she loose the lotus clusters
From the balms of Paradise?

Whisper softer, now, my friend,
This is word she'll love to know,
That I'm quietly awaiting
An outward breeze to blow. Though sweet earth-ties bind my footstep.
Where her own dear feet once prest,

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK

THE series of championship contests for the them. The brave little garrison poured in constantly a galling fire upon their enemies, and and the Boston, Athletic, Brooklyn, Hartford, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville and Chi cago clubs have all had games together, the Boston and Athletics playing together on April 22d and 24th, the Brooklyn and Bostons, Brooklyn, on the 25th, as also the Louisville and Chicago, at Louisville, and the St. Louis and Cincinnati, at Cincinnati. In Philadelphia each club won a game, in Brooklyn the visitors were defeated, while in Cincinnati and Louis

ville the visiting clubs were victorious. The weather has not thus far been favorable, as the mild fair days have been exceptionable. The opening games of the season during April, in which professional nines were the contestant on one side if not on both, show some very good play as the appended record of the "model games" shows, these including games on which the score of the winning nines does not exceed nine runs. The record is given in the order of

the smallest scores. April 15, St. Louis vs. Stocks, at St. Louis St. Louis vs. Stocks, at St. Louis ...
Harvard vs. Lowell at Lowell
Boston vs. New Haven, at N. Haven
Kleinz vs. Philadelphia, at Phila ...
Louisville vs. Am'rs, at L'ville (10 i.)
Hartf'd vs. Yale College, at Hartf'd
Congdon vs. Excelsior, at Phila ...
St. Louis vs. Red Stocking, at St. L.
Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston ...
New Harpar vs. Live Oak at Lavar New Haven vs. Live Oak, at Lynn Boston vs. Athletic, at Phila Alleghany vs. Zantha, at Alleghany. Cincinnati vs. Star, at Covington. March 29, New Haven vs. Star, at Covington.

April 5, Philadelphia vs. Kleinz, at Phila.

17, Athletic vs. Active, at Philadelphia

1, New Haven vs. Star, at New Haven

Alleghany vs. Iron City, at Alleghany.

Taunton vs. Taunton, Jr., at Taunton

By way of information to clubs and umpires e give below the gist of the amendments to the professional and amateur code of rules,

with explanations in due order. THE BALL. The ball is of the same size, weight and maerials as it was last season, except in the amateur code it is optional with clubs, by mutual agreement, to use a ball composed wholly of arn and leather without rubber, and in the professional code the rubber used in the construction of the ball must not exceed one ounce but any less quantity can be used. By the proessional code when a ball is lost, five minutes only are allowed to find it. In the amateur ode nothing is said about a lost ball.

DRAWN GAMES. In the amateur code special mention is made in the section governing drawn games, of the exception made in favor of a game drawn in an acompleted innings. In the professional code the two sections conflict.

PITCHING. In both codes the rule governing the delivery of the ball is the same, every third unfair ball being called in the order of its delivery. The ball, too, can be sent in by a toss, a pitch, a erk, or an underhand throw provided that in either form of delivery the hand holding the ball is swung forward in its delivery so as to pass below the hip. If it is swung forward on must pass below the hip.

In the amateur code a ball sent in over the home base and at the hight called for by the batsman, such is designated as "a fair ball." In the professional code such ball is called "a good ball." The former term is the appropriate name, as it is expressly defined in the rules in contradistinction to "an unfair ball."

DEAD BALLS. In the amateur code every ball touching the striker's person is to be regarded as a "called" ball. In the professional code it is very properly made a "dead" ball.

SPECIFYING BALLS. The rule giving the batsman the privilege of calling for a ball at a specified hight from the ground is worded in the professional code so as o allow him to call for "high," a "low" or a fair "ball, the latter being a ball sent not ower than a foot from the ground nor higher than the batsman's shoulder. The amateur rule is the same in effect though worded diferently, the latter regarding silence in not call-ng either a "high" or "low" ball as indicaive for a ball as described in the other code as

"fair" ball. The rule applicable to the calling of strikes is practically the same in both codes, though worded differently. It is to the effect that strikes can be called on the batsman on the first CALLING STRIKES. and second balls sent in over the base, and at the hight called for. On the third such ball sent in, however, the umpire cannot call a strike, his duty being simply to warn the striker that he will call a strike on the next fair ball not struck at, which is the fourth, the warning being given in the professional code by the words "guard ball," and in the amateur by the words "I shall call the next," or by words to that effect. Of course the pitcher, by this to that effect. Or course the pitcher, by this rule, in both codes, has decidedly the best of the batsman, the rule inflicting a penalty for unfair play in the two positions being very unmair play in the two positions being very unsupplied to the Netional Professional equal. In the code of the National Profess Association the striker can only have strikes

called on every third fair ball pitched. FOUL STRIKES In the amateur code two foul strikes are required to be made before the striker be given out on foul strike, but he can be caught out on

the first foul strike. In the professional code the first "foul struck," puts him out.

RUNNING BASES ON FOULS. In both codes the rule governing the running of bases on foul balls has been amended so as to allow the base-runner, who starts to run on a foul ball, to return to the base he left without being put out. Last season the base-runner, under such circumstances, could be put out by the ball being held on the base he had to return to before he reaches it, after the ball had been held by the pitcher.

RUNNING BASES AFTER FLY CATCHES. Last season the rule governing the running of bases on fly balls caught, admitted of the base-runner's leaving the base he held, when the ball was hit, the moment the ball was held on the fly, but only in the case of fair fly balls caught. In the case of foul fly balls caught, the base-runner had to hold the base he returned to until the foul ball was first held by the pitcher. This is the case this season in regard to foul balls caught on the bound; but in the case of foul balls caught on the fly the base-runner is now allowed to leave the base he returned to the moment the foul ball is caught on the fly, just the same as in the case of a fair ball so

caught. BASE-RUNNERS TOUCHING BASE BAGS. In the amateur code the rule is the same as last year in its wording in reference to a base becoming unfastened. But in the professional code this season there is nothing referring to the point, and therefore the umpire in a professional match, will scarcely know how to decide when the base-bag becomes loose from the post, and the baseman happens to stand upon the post instead of the base

SCORING RUNS The professional code, this season, prevents a run being scored if two hands are out when a baseman runs home and the third hand is put ced off at second base. The section referred to is very in-

definitely worded. "PROFESSIONAL ARENA"

On April 25th the Bostons won a noteworthy victory from the Brooklyn red stockings entirely through their skillful base running and plucky way of sticking to a fight while there is the slightest chance of winning. Hicks lost his temper in a critical part of the contest and with it went his coolness and judgment, his wild throwing to second base giving the Reds the game in the last innings. The score was as follows:

No runs were earned on either side, and Brooklyn led at the bat and had the fewest fielding errors. It was a game won by base

On April 25th the St. Louis team—so fearfully puffed up by the St. Louis Republicanvisited Cincinnati for the purpose of giving that "dark horse" team of the League clubs a lesson in ball playing. To the intense disgust of St. Louis the Browns caught a Tartar, and they were taken into the Cincinnati camp in handsome style as the appended score shows:

It was a model game, and a well-earned victory for the Cincinnati "Reds," one which will

be of value to them. The same day the new Chicago nine visited Louisville, Ky., and an immense crowd were present to see the game, and it proved to be a nasterly exhibition of the beauties of the game. Though the Louisvilles played finely found Spalding's strategic pitching too much for them, supported as it was behind the bat and in the field. The score was as follows:

BASE BALL NOTES. The St. Louis Globe Democrat says: Would-be authorities are venting the venom of heir spleen at Chadwick, who knows more than all

We have been accustomed to this kind of thing for years, ever since we began our war upon the knaves of the fraternity, in fact. Having forced the managers of the professional clubs to take some determined action against the evils which of late years have sapped at the very foundations of the game, we have the masters of the curs we have killed nounding us through their hirelings of the press. All sorts of misrepresentations have been made, and downright lies told of us in regard to our criticism of the action of the League Association. Of these we have taken no notice; suffice it to say that it was not the object aimed at by the League which we opposed, but only their method of carrying out

their plan of reform. The old Knickerbockers began their thirtysecond season of ball playing at Hoboken on the line of the hip it is an illegal delivery. It April 24th, Tuey have never missed play for a single season.

MANUSONY MUNICIPALITY -E-3-

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OLD DAN RACKBACK,

The Great Extarminator

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL! BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM," will commence in our next issue. As already announced this is the delightful author's last, longest and in some respects his best work.

A Quaint, Queer, Curious Character, Old Dan is-an oddity among odd men, simple as a child, brave as a lion, true as the needle in his love for his horse and dog to form the "Triangle," his name, deeds and adventures became famous from Northern Dakota to the Rio Grande. In this extremely interesting and very exciting romance of the Niobrara country he runs his race, "sculps" his last red-skin, cracks his last joke and makes his last trail.

Idaho Tom, too, is one of the true heroes of the story, re-appearing in a double character and closing a strange career in a not unpleasant way, linked with a maiden of the Plains who is indeed worthy of his chivalric devotion.

Prairie Pirates, Hill Outlaws, Sioux, United States Troopers, Detectives, the Boy Rangers, and funny Old Kit Baudy-all are active actors in the novel romance, whose perusal will excite unending delight.

COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM'S

Without a Heart;

WALKING ON THE BRINK commences in this number of our paper. As a revelation of a Girl's Heart it is of almost startling power, while as a story of a Woman's daring ambition it is exciting and enchanting.

This woman "without a heart" is a lie even to herself—a very beautiful lie, but no enigma, for her motive is not a mystery, and though her fate is commensurate with her sin we need but to mingle admiration and pity with our condemnation.

In keeping with this fine creation are four or five male characters, whose share in the most exciting drama of her life, is an eventful one for all. Their firm handling shows the author's mastery in a commanding light, and will insure for this, his most elaborate and best wrought story, a very hearty welcome.

Grace Mortimer, author of the volume noticed below-"The Two Barbaras"-has written for us an exceedingly powerful and deeply absorbing story, viz.:

THREE LINKS IN LOVE'S CHAIN. which we will soon give in the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Among the pleasant books which have drifted to our table we may mention THE Two BARBARAS, by our contributor, Grace Mortimer. It is just issued by Carleton and is one of this very popular writer's most pleasing and impressive stories.

The BEST THOUGHTS and DISCOURSES of Rev D. L. Moody, is a compilation made by our contributor, Abbie Clemens Morrow. It is a very neat and attractive volume, now selling largely. The great evangelist, in these extracts from his sermons and sayings, appears in very pleasant guise, and the volume deserves a place beside Beecher's "Life Thoughts" and Spurgeon's "Living Treasures."

Sunshine Papers. Meditations-Funereally.

"So, really! Miss Trelawney dead; poor thing! It seems to me I heard some one say she was ill-let me see; what ailed her? Pneumonia? Sure enough! It was Mrs. Caller was telling me, only a day or two ago, that Cora Trelawney told Miss Wisnar, and Mrs. Wisnar told Mrs. Guella, that Helen Trelawney had the pneumonia—got cold leaving off a seal-skin sacque, to wear a new silk suit. Well, girls will be imprudent; I only wonder that mothers are so neglectful as to allow their daughters to sacrifice health to pride. My Clara shall wear an extra vest under her new suit next Sunday. No-she cannot do that either; I've made the basque so tight-she has such a pretty figurethat it would not fasten at all over any extra thickness. Perhaps, if it is not very warm, I'll keep her home over another week. Though that would quite break her heart; besides, I am so anxious to see if her dress will not surpass the Misses Legances', and to have her come out they may see that there are patterns quite as handsome and as readily procured as their own; the will nor inclination to turn back. In an —la! my girls never get cold, anyway; they look delicate, but I find they can endure a great deal of exposure.

see when Miss Trelawney is to be buried. On Tuesday. Now, I do declare, I stop, or doesn't try hard enough to do so. the youthful Columbia to sleep, while occa-call that shameful! Only died Sunday, and to After a person has committed one crime it sional blasts on a tin horn personate the in-

was in a hurry to get rid of them. None of my family should be buried with such indecent haste. Not that I would keep them a whole week, as Mrs. Ambler did her mother, and then bury them on a Friday. Ugh! to bury one's mother on a Friday, such an unlucky day—why, I should expect something dreadful to happen to me if I was buried on a Friday! Though of course, as Mrs. Ambler remarked, with a great deal of levity, I thought, for such a solemn occasion as a call of condolence, when I mentioned my views on that subject, 'it is not probable that the day of burial can affect allowing such a thing.' And though she did the corpse much.' No, but as I said to her, 'Mrs. Ambler, that is very true, but I should expect something dreadful to happen to me for smile, and say she believed Friday as good a day as any of the seven, she cannot convince me that that bridge would have broken, and the train have been smashed, and Fanny Til-den's husband have been killed if they had not have been married upon a Friday. ment will come to such stiff-necked people as persist in flying in the face of Providence!

"To be buried from the house at two o'clock, eh? I shall surely go, for the Trelaw-neys are people that will have everything ar-ranged stylishly. Of course the family will keep up-stairs; that is the fashion now, and one will not have much chance to see them. I suppose Mrs. Trelawney will put on black, though Helen was only her step-daughter; but I do not know about the girls. Annie may, because it will be becoming; but if Belle does I'll venture to say it will be a great trial to her, for she will look like a fright in it. I would like to get a peep up-stairs, at the mourners. I have always wanted to see how Trelawney's second floor was furnished. I was so sorry I missed attending Mrs. Grandee's funeral; such a chance as it was to see that house, and it is said to be so fine. The Marstons will be among the mourners, I suppose, as Fred Marston and Miss Trelawney were engaged; and they will send flowers, and perhaps put on black for the day. There will be nice flowers, no doubt. The Marstons are very wealthy and the Trelawneys have a large circle of friends. Well, I am glad I am not so intimate as to be expected to send any. If one gives flowers at all one wants to send as handsome as every one else, and they do cost so like the mischief that even at the funeral you can't help thinking of the bills you might have settled with that money. Yes, I am glad there is no necessity for my

sending any to the Trelawneys.

"I presume they will have crowded parlors. I wonder what I had better wear. My black silk suit and black velvet bonnet, I suppose; though it does seem a shame that it is not a proper place in which to appear out in that ovely light brown silk that Madame de Steil is to send home to day; and I know I shall be thinking of that love of a bonnet—the cream feather and pink roses are so becoming. But i would not do to wear it, of course not, and I am not one of the kind who go to places mere-ly to show their apparel. I think it awfully reprehensible the way some people set their learts on dress! I wonder if my new diamond ear-rings would be amiss? What a lovely pair Helen Trelawney had! Dear! dear! poor girl, to think she cannot wear them any more!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

DRIFTING.

HAVE you ever noticed how many persons here are who appear to be drifting through life, with no purpose in living, with no ambition to do anything, or be anything, content to loat along wherever the current chooses to carry them? I think such individuals need waking - some one to spur them on, and show them how to pull against the stream. Some people do not seem to care how they live so hat they do live. They are careless as to how they get along. If they make mistakes it seems to be too much trouble to correct them themselves. They let people impose upon them and cheat them, because they haven't energy to stand up for their own rights; to notice the matter would cause them too much excitement, and excitement would kill such slothful creatures.

Supposing no one strived to get ahead, but all were content to just drift along, how much progress would be made in the arts and iences-how many noble deeds would be done -how many good works would be accomplished? I think people would feel happier to visit the recipients of their bounty in person than to trust it to some society. Don't think, by that emark, I mean to condemn societies, and am endeavoring to lead you to suppose that they are not honest, and that they accomplish no good, for such is far from my meaning. We need many of these societies, and the more good ones formed the better. I meant to imbly that we would be more willing to exert ourselves in behalf of the poor—to stir about and notice the good one's gifts are capable of conferring. We should then know how sweet the blessings bestowed upon us would sound. We should take a deep interest in those we are helping. Must it not be a pleasure to know our footstep is listened for by some one whom we can make happy; that some careworn fea-tures will be lit up with smiles at our presence; to feel that our hand is clasped in true, pure and grateful love? Do we feel all this when we drop our money in the contribution box, or put our names down on some society list? Don't stop putting money in the contribution box, and don't discontinue helping the societies' work, but don't leave it all there and think you have nothing more to do, or that your duty is done, for it is not done. There's a deal of personal work of charity for all yet to do, and if we worked, instead of drifting along, there'd be a vast deal less suffering, want and misery

than there now is. Some are too apt to doubt the Scriptures, and o give up praying, drifting away from the holy truths: and the promises made they have not enough reliance on. They complain that their prayers are not answered. May be they ask too much, and think what they receive is too little. Perhaps their prayers are not answered in just the way they wish, yet I believe sincere and worthy petitions are always granted. Many requests are not worthy of being answered. Numbers ask for what they have no Yes, and what a quantity of people expect to drift into Heaven without saying one kind word, or doing one good deed to get there! They drift along and drift along, but they oftener drift into the whirlpool than the pleas-

ant, peaceful haven. Many drift away from their haven and Heaven by drifting into sin. A person does as you hold your breaths to hear you will not become a hardened sinner at one bound—it readily recognize that it is Brother Jonathan in it the same day that they do in theirs, that is step by step, by drifting from one crime to old play we read:

"'Tis in man's choice never to sin at all, But, sinning once, to stop exceeds his power." I fear the trouble is that he does not care to be hustled out of the way by to-morrow. It is doesn't come so very hard for him to commit drand's cries. If the author is called out vodreadful, I think, to treat one's friends as if one another; and so he drifts along from bad to ciferously at this point he couldn't refuse.

worse until he considers it too late to mend, and so gives up all idea of reformation. The dark course is commenced by wicked thoughts; these darksome thoughts drift into wicked deeds, until many a one is lost in the whirl-pool—Remorse. Then comes the time they would give their lives to be free from blot

Yes, we drift, drift, drift; wanting all the time to wear the laurel crown of victory, yet unwilling to go into the war; wishing others to fight our battles and we reap all the honor and

We let the oars drop and allow our boat to drift where it will, and we drift with it. We are too lazy to row along; have no ambition or energy to steer into a haven when night and darkness overtake us.

darkness overtake us.

Wake! Arouse! Don't drift along, but work along, and work with energy and will!

EVE LAWLESS.

Our contributor, Buffalo Bill has met with a sad loss in the death of his beautiful boy, Kit Carson Cody-to whose decease the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, of April

"Little Kit Carson Cody, the son of Hon. William F. Cody, (Buffalo Bill,) died at the residence of the family, No. 10 New York street, about six o'clock last evening. The little one was taken ill only a few days ago with scarlet fever. That treacherous disease which has caused so much mourning throughout the families of this city, had but too sure a hold upon the bright little lad, and last evening his eyes closed in their last sleep. His fathe reached the city the day before, and thus had the melancholy satisfaction of being present when the spirit of the boy, who was his great-

est pride, passed away.
"Kit Carson Cody, named after the celebra ted scout, was born at Fort McPherson, Lin coln county, Nebraska, in November, 1870, and was therefore five years and five month old. He was an unusually handsome, intelli-gent and lively little fellow, and wherever he went, whether with his father in the Far West favorite and pet. His death is indeed a sad blow to the parents who doted on him, and to the many other people with whom he was so great a favorite.

The father and mother, we are sure, have the heartfelt sympathy of all who know what bereavement is. No one can realize the nature of such a loss save those who have been called

Foolscap Papers.

Grand Centennial March.

WHILE I was sitting in my room this morn ing, trying to keep on as good terms as possi-ble with this boil on the back of my neck and perusing the book of Job to find out if he wasn't just a little more afflicted than I was, which would at least be some satisfaction, the entrance of a young man with much head, caused me to turn suddenly around and injure the serenity of said boil in a breaknecking de gree of unquenchable severity. (This above-mentioned boil is a regular boiler.)

He shut the door with a slam, and said his name was Mr. Pilkins, but I needn't be particular about that, as he usually went by the name of Bob, and by profession was a musical com-poser, though his present occupation was wood-

Here he spit with utmost precision on a white spot on the carpet and said that his whole soul and body were completely absorbed in music, which, as I well knew, is defined by Webster as sweetened noise swallowed by the

I could very readily see that his body had

yes, I might say that he was two weeks, and his appearance was so much like a quarternote in music that it looked as if the chilly blast of a tin whistle would blow him into the eternity of lost sounds.

He bit the end off of another clove and took from under his arm a long roll, which I had taken to be a map of the United States with the balance of the world attached, and said that he had understood they wanted a Grand March for the Centennial. He had spent the whole of March in composing it. If any March by foreigners could steal a march, and march shead of his march, they will have to march faster than he can. Then he unrolled it out upon the floor, and put a couple of foot-stools on the ends to keep it straight. I never saw so much music in my life.

The worthy disciple of Harmony said, as h blew his nose on the last piece of handkerchief, and glanced at the score with evident satisfac tion, underlying a layer of dirty shirt-bosom, that the music was a great deal larger than it looked there; for want of space he had written t on a scale of half-inch to the foot, but to be properly comprehended it ought to be written on the whole side of a barn, and some of the otes are so big that it takes several instru ments with the accompanying men to make them. It was entirely original. one note in the whole thing that was in any other piece of music.

Then he explained that it opened with a grand blast of four thousand instruments, each one playing a different tune, but all coming out at the same time, which is to represent the Dis covery of America. As it dies away the faraway faint music of the jewsharp is heard in the distance in a solo, which is to symbolize the distant whispers of Liberty coming up the Then there will be a pause long enough to afford plenty of time to call the composer

Then comes in the Battle of Bunker Hill, a great musical feat. Every musician begins to hit every other musician over the head with his instrument, to represent the desperate handto-hand encounter with clubbed guns; the smash and confusion of everything will be very battle-like, and will last fifteen minutes. course every time an instrument hits a fellow over the head it will make some kind of a musical sound, and still be in the range of harmony. As this dies away amid applause, a whistle solo will be heard in the distance, and as you hold your breaths to hear you will climbing over the fence into the high road. inspiring strain, which is to represent the sign ing of the Declaration, to be followed by the soul-stirring music of a common comb, which is to represent the Goddess of Liberty singing

When the bravos and clapping of hands ease, a hand-organ will begin the surrender at Yorktown, instrument after instrument striking in until they are all engaged, and the music is of such a varied order that anybody can play anything he likes, which is to show that the event produces an enthusiasm that knows no bounds. I observed that this part of the music on the sheet was represented by one large black blotch, the notes coming in too thick to give them a distinct representation. Patent applied for.

The solo on a drygoods box with a rail will be a particularly fine thing; he showed the notes of it, and tried to whistle them, but fell

The smallest note in this grand march is three times larger than the longest common

whole note in present use. The whole patriotic march is to wind up by an affecting solo on a tambourine, assisted occaionally by a bass-horn of eminent persuasion.

From what he gave me to understand of the composition, I think it is the best thing out. He said it would be better—when it was played

He sait at the mirror, thinking it was an open window, and said there was a great deal of work on it, but it was nothing but the pure love for his country, and the price of it, that induced him to attempt it. If I would bring it before the committee, he would come and serenade me every night for a month with music of his own composing. I promised. You can look out for something large in the wind.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the lime.

-Long before the rifle came into general use is a military weapon it was the familiar friend of the Western frontiersman. Its vast superior-ty to the smooth-bore musket had been conclusity to the smooth-bore musket had been conclusively shown, and yet, not only in Europe, but in this country, military men opposed its introduction into the army. In like manner the breechloader made its way slowly and against persistent opposition. Sharpe's rifles had proved their efficiency in Kansas years before Solferino was fought, but both the Austrians and the French fought that long and doubtful battle with muz z'e-loaders, although it is morally certain that had either of the combatants been armed with breech-loaders the other would have been quickly beaten. The dull prejudice with which soldiers clang first to their muskets and afterward to their muzzle-loaders seems almost inexplicable now; but that civilians can be equally dall in opposing improvements of obvious merit is shown by the fact that the roller-skate has been before the public for many years, and that both America and Europe have until now persistently refused to adopt it.

—It was not supposed that the umbrella was

—It was not supposed that the umbrella was taken notice of by the law, except to make the cossession of one "evidence of larceny," as depossession of one "evidence of larceny," as decided some years ago by a Massachusetts Justice. It is reserved for a California Justice to advance the umbrella to a high notch in that sonorous title known as the measure of damages. This was a Santa Clare county Justice, recently. The facts were, that two pedestrians, one carrying an expanded umbrella, collided on a sidewalk, and the ferrule of the umbrella punched the other's eye so severely that he nearly lost the sight of it. The man with the umbrella was moving to the left when the collision occurred. The injured party prought suit to recover \$299.99 damages. The defense was a demurrer, that there was no cause of action; that it was too remote; that it was, in fact, merely a mote in the plaintiff seye. The demurrer was overruled. The defense then set in fact, merely a mote in the plaintiff's eye. The demurrer was overruled. The defense then set up accident; but the Justice then laid down the law to be that the rule of keeping to the right was applicable to pedestrianism as well as driving, and that a person carrying an umbrella bears to another person not carrying one the same relation that a steamer does to a sailing vessel—the man with the umbrella must keep out of the other's way. Judgment for plaintiff, as prayed for in the complaint. Now the next time we get an eye punched out by young Snob's or old Hogg's umbrella we'll know what to do.

The discoveries of quicksilver and sulphur

little that it was nearly gone, and what remained seemed to be endeavoring to leave its clothes by way of the holes in the knees and elbows.

He said he would take a seat, as musical composition removed his strength in a great degree, and I saw that he was weak, very weak; yes, I might say that he was two weeks and lits atook aircontent.

—The discoveries of quicksilver and sulphur recently made near Steamboat Springs, eleven miles from Reno, Nevada, have culminated in an excitement of the wildest kind. The prospects look bright for a regular quicksilver mania, as the whole section for miles west of the Springs is said to be rich in cinnabar. We knew the region was renowned for its multitudinous whisky-bar and black b'ar; but, now that it adds to its stock cinnabar, we suppose Colorado will hide its diminished head. Anything to make silver quick, however. It moves so slow through Uncle Sam's fingers that it takes two men and a eash-boy five hours at the Treasury counter to et ten dollars' worth of greasy fractional cur ency changed into quarters.

-M. Gautier, in his recent work on chemistry, estimates that there are annually extracted from the bowels of the earth and consumed 130,000, 000 tons of coal, containing on an average seven-ty-five per cent. of carbon; 98,000,000 tons of carbon being, therefore, annually transformed into 356,000,000 tons of carbonic acid, and as-suming as a moderate calculation, that the reuming, as a moderate calculation, that the re naining cases of combustion—wood, oils, etc.—epresent the fifth of the preceding quantity, it follows that manufactures, navigation and domestic economy pour into the atmosphere the prodigious quantity of 427,000,000 tons of carbonic acid a year. In the volcanic regions of the globe carbonic acid escapes from the craters and fissures in actual torrents, producing a mass of gas ten times greater than the preceding. It certainly is a very monetous and procedures that tainly is a very momentous and proper question to propound—at this rate how many more years can we hope to breathe an atmosphere of 89 parts oxygen? Even a slight deterioration in the quality of the air we breathe would suffice to poison the whole world!

-The disciples of Lavater and Spurzheim will tell you that physiology and phrenology are in-fallible tests of character. But "The best laid plans of mice and men

Gang aft aglee," as was illustrated at a recent trial: A man en as was illustrated at a recent trial: A man entered the crowded court-room one day, and looking eagerly around, asked of a bystander which were the prisoners. A wag, without moving a muscle, pointed to the jury-box, and said: "There they are, in that box?" "I thought so!" said the inquirer in a whisper. "What a set of gallows-looking wretches they are. If there's anything in physiology and phrenology, they deserve hanging, anyhow!" The jury were all "picked men" of that region.

That the English are not above picking up a good thing is proved by the fact that Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, presided at a spelling-bee between twenty-five ladies and twenty-five gentlemen. Sir Charles remarked that it was a singular fact that educated English people were often deficient in spelling. He hoped to see as good results from these matches in England as he had seen in America, and suggested geographical and historical public competitions. We are sorry to know that these "spelling-bees" have been less in vogue with us this past winter than during the previous year. They did great good and ought to be encouraged. Here is a contribution

Menageries where sleuth-hounds caracole, Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnu Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl With peewit and precocious cockatoo. Gaunt seneschals, in crotchety cockades,

With seine net trawl for porpoise in lagoons While scullions gauge erratic escapades Of madrepores in water-logged galleons, Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins

green, In reckless fracas with coquettish bream, Cestatic gargoyles, with grotesque chagrin, Garnish the gruesome nightmare of my dream!

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "True Love;" "December and May; Lessons of Leaves;" "Miss Emory's Seat-Mate; Talking to the Tempest;" "Sweet Song No More;" Stay, I've a Message;" "Miss Beryl's Ride,"

Declined: "Lines to My Mother;" "A Lillias for Romaunt;" "When Summer Days are Over;" Morris Spencer's Rival;" "Maud's Sacrifice;" Sons of Adam. Some of the matter included in the above came to us through the *Mirror* mails. Having absorbed that paper we report here on the Mss. Only such rejected Mss. is, returned as had stamps in-

DICK L. We fear we cannot answer your query of the satisfaction of "strict constructionists" ain went out from his family to live among those he evidently were not of Adam's blood.

NAOMI. "Surprises" are, if well planned, usually sources of more than ordinary pleasure. Keep the "main chance" in view and you'll not fail. Papas and brothers are very willing slaves sometimes.

Archy S. The late A. T. Stewart was a well educated man—that is, he had pursued a university course of study. He became a merchant because he found nothing else to his taste for his willing hands

A B., asks: "What is the range of the Springfield or Enfield rifle, carrying 32 to the pound?" Answers. There's no such weapon. Rifles are guaged by the bore in hundredths of an inch. The old Enfield and Springfield was cal. 57, the present Springfield 45. This latter is a good weapon to 600 yards, makes pretty fair shooting at 800, and with 90 grains of powder is good at 1000 yards. The old cal., 57, was as good up to 600 yards. We have known good shooting done with it by putting in the powder of two cartridges for long range.

HAPPY JACK. Ask any theatrical agency about Josh Hart's enterprise. You'll find no "gold fish pond" in this climate. You'll find no "gold fish pond" in this climate. You'r writing is poor enough to make you wish it were better. Get a good set of "copy-books" and practice steadily.

W. H. A. The best "Book of Etiquette" is that

W. H. A. The best "Book of Etiquette" is that published by Beadle & Adams, in their most excellent Dime Library of Popular and Useful Hand Books. To call on a lady to whom you have been properly introduced, is your privilege. Make the first call brief, rather formal, to ascertain if she cares for your company.

Cares for your company.

THERESE. "Take the good the gods give," is good philosophy. You'll not find a perfect man; such a miracle don't exist. These so-called "perfect" men and women are almost invariably very negative characters. If your lady friend so admires your next-door neighbor, the "Loedom of your room," will be a gracious courtesy. Both will reciprocate your good offices, doubtless, when they can do you a "good turn."

BROWN DRESS. If your school-mate is really glad.

BROWN DRESS. If your school-mate is really glad to meet you, ask her, of course, to visit you for a week or more, and strive to make it as lively and enjoyable for her as possible. Country friends, coming to the city for enjoyment and change, are often disappointed in not having the "good time" they anticipated.

BLONDE BOY. To have excited the lady's displeasure in no manner justifies you in repeating the first offence. A lady acquaintance, who thinks much of you, has a right to expect from you every gentlemanly courtesy, and your failure to recognize that right was a mistake you should repair at the first opportunity.

Howard Noriss. A river of ink is "possible"—indeed is a geographic fact. Ink is produced by a union of iron with gallic acid; hence when two streams meet—one of which is impregnated with iron, the other, (flowing over peat) with gallic acid of course the combination produces inky water. Black Brook, in the northern part of New York State, is a case in point.

State, is a case in point.

PHOENIX BOAT CLUB, Detroit. Your letter shows one thing, that you overtrained last year. No man unless much overfat, can take one-eighth of his weight off without injury. To reduce from 160 to 127 pounds, as you propose, is to court defeat, unless your antagonists are equally foolish. Americans are all too nervous, as a rule, and liable to overtrain. This year you will probably do better by training to 145 pounds, than you did last year. There are no perfectly reliable books on training. It is a matter of experience to be taken from the most successful men. Eat what you like best, but avoid alcoholic or fermented drinks, and the less you drink the better, any way. Don't take any purgatives to commence with in the old style. Start easy, rise early, take your morning half-mile run before breakfast. Eat all the beefsteak you can get, and little else as you can keep in comfort upon. Regular hours and regular exercise are the sine qua non. For boat exercise, begin with an easy pull over the course. Then calculate your time to the day of the race, and each day make a spurt at the very top of your speed over a part of the course, increasing the length of the spurt daily till you are making about twice or 11-2 times the distance every day for the last ten days. Don't be too fast. You may break down by trying too much at the beginning of your training. For other exercise use the clubs, (8 pounders, not more,) and a lifting machine, such as Schermerhorn. All you need, judging from the tone of your letter, is — nuton. Don't overtrain! Keep (8 pounders, not more,) and a lifting machine, such as Schermerhorn's or rather Johnson's, sold by Schermerhorn. All you need, judging from the tone of your letter, is —evation. Don't overtrain! Keep your full strength, but no 160 pound man can come down to 127 and do that, especially if he is only 19. Use the English stroke; catch the water quick, and hold on like grim death. Don't waste your time in the air. The stroke belongs in the water. Row with the body and lie right back to your work, not with the arms, Harvard fashion. Keep temperate in all things, and Heaven be with you, for you ought to win.

SPECIE CLERK says: "I have but a salary of \$1,500 per year. I know two ladies—cousins—both exceedingly fine girls. One is city-bred, and has been brought up in elegance; the other is a country girl, and knows all about housekeeping. She loves girl, and knows all about housekeeping. She loves me, I think, and so does the city girl, and I so highly regard both I know I could readily love either if I thought it would do for me to marry. Which would you choose?" You must be a "handy" young man to have around, since you can so "readily" dispose of your affections. You ought to be able to marry and live comfortably; and, since your love is subservient to interest, we should choose "the country cousin."

Deacon Jones, Chicago, writes: "I dearly love a Jewish girl and she dearly loves me. We are both nineteen years of age—I being three months the elder. I want to marry her and she is anxious to marry me, but is afraid her father will object on account of my being a Christian. She says I, being a boy, can do as I like when I get of age. I tell her she can, too. She says she will have to obey her father, though if she does not marry me she will not marry any one; but she would like your advice as to whether, when we are twenty-one, she should come with me and be happy, or obey her parents and be miserable? Do you think the closeness of our ages makes any difference? What kind of ring is suitable for an engagement ring, for a person of moderate means to give?" By the time you two are twenty-one you may be quite "fancy-free "again; if not, and the young lady has no conscientious scruples on her own part, we should advise her to obey the dictates of her heart, so long as only your religion is the cause of her parents, denial of your suit. The nearness of your ages need not trouble you. An engraved or chased hoop of gold is a regular engagement ring. Next costlier comes a solitaire pearl.

Eva Dillon, Kansas City. To "make the hair grow," procure half an ounce of oil of mace mixed with a pint of deodorized alcohol. Pour a spoonful or two into a saucer; dip a little stiff brush into it, and brush the hair briskly, rubbing the tincture thoroughly into the roots. Once a month cut the ends of your hair. The cause of ("black-heads") comedones is that your system is not in a healthy state, and you do not keep the pores of your skin sufficiently cleaned and opened. Do not be afraid of using water on your face freely and often, and soap on it, at least once a day. Wash the parts afflicted with comedones with this simple remedy—a druggist will prepare it: thirty-six grains of sub-carbonate of soda in eight ounces of distilled water, perfumed with six drachms of essence of roses.—"Light blue eyes" are supposed to indicate a mild disposition; light gray eyes betoken a person of cold, calculating temperament.—Your writing is quite fair for a girl of your age, but do not be contented with it; seek to improve it.

contented with it; seek to improve it.

"Eugene" says: "I am fifteen years old, and I have a lady friend who is very much older than I, and married. She has always treated me with the greatest kindness, inviting me frequently to her house, and allowing me to escort her to public entertainments. I am about to go abroad traveling for several years. Do you think there can be any impropriety in presenting her with a handsome picture of myself and soliciting one of hers? And would it be correct for me to ask her to correspond with me?" You might give the lady your picture, but we would not advise you to ask for one in return. She, herself, will probably think of that, and act as she deems best. There can be no harm in your corresponding; if the lady does not object to putting herself to so much trouble on your account, her letters may do you much good, and be a means of improving your mind. Try to repay her kindness by not making too great demands upon her time and good will.

Transwered questions on hand will appear next week.

A MAY SONG.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

We went a Maying, Kate and I—
A merry lass was she and tender;
The summer sunlight in her eye,
And in her face the summer splendor.
Across the meadow, through the grove—
How softly moved the smiling hours—
My heart was brimming full of love,
Her hands were brimming full of flowers.
My darling Kate, my royal Kate,
Still side by side our lives are straying,
As on the day I met my fate,
When you and I, love, went a Maying.

She ward and listen to my royal.

She would not listen to my words,
She laughed at all my faint endeavor,
And mocked with merriment the birds
That sit and sing their love forever;
While on we went, through grove and glen,
Sunk ankle deep in fragrant clover,
Till like all weak and blinded men
I vowed she had a secret lover.

I vowed she had a secret lover.

"An open one, 'she said, and laid
Her hand in mine in tender fashion;
I heard the wood-thrush in the glade
His sweet song trill of love and passion.
I felt the spirit of his tune,
I clasped her close in warm embraces,
While merry May to fervent June
Bloomed in our hearts and on our faces.
My darling Kate, my royal Kate,
Still side by side our lives are straying,
As on the day I met my fate,
When you and I, love, went a-Maying.

Without a Heart: WALKING ON THE BRINK

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLY-ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER I. GOD'S REBUKE.

Over hill and valley, over mountain and river, a shadow was creeping—but not the shadow of night, for the day was not far spent, and the sun had yet a long course to run ere its setting.

But the skies were overcast with flying clouds, the forerunners of the storm sweeping up from the east, and shielding the earth from sunlight, while the deep rumble of muffled thunder was borne ominously along on the wind, and echoed, like the roll of a hundred

guns, among the mountain glens.
Surveying the scene of beauty, with the rushing river, reflecting back the storm-clouds, at her feet, and mountains rising far heavenward upon the other bank, stood a young girl, gracefully reclining against a huge moss-grown rock, to which was tied a small, rudely made

The maiden seemed lost in deep reverie, while her eyes were turned earnestly upon a massive stone structure, a mile up the river, and sheltered by the overhanging hills upon

The face of the maiden, though bronzed by exposure, was strangely beautiful, while in the large, dark-blue eyes dwelt a weird look that

was most fascinating. The head was carried with a haughty pose and every feature was perfect and stamped with conscious power, even though but seventeen years had touched with sunlight her golden

Though clad in a coarse frock of home-sp the form of the maiden displayed its perfect symmetry, and her every motion was one of

From the rock, against which the young girl leant, a path wound back through a picturesque glen, nestled in which, as if hiding from the din of the outside world, was a pretty cottage the home of joy and contentment, it would seem, for that care and sorrow should ever cross the threshold of that lovely, but humble home, one could not believe.

Adown the pathway came a woman with quick and nervous step, a wiry form, and the sharp, disagreeable face of a scold, while her small, suspicious eyes snapped with anger.

Unobserved by the dreamer, she drew near the rock, and then her shrill tones cut the crisp air, causing the young girl to start, and her face to flush with anger

This is the way you do as I tell you, Miss? Well, my life is a misery looking after you. 'An hour ago I told you to bring me some fish from the river, and you have not moved and it is time for you to drive the cow home.

"I will go after the cow now, auntie," mildly replied the girl. "Of course you will, and then you shall go out and fish upon the river, and-

"A storm is coming up, and—"
"I have eyes, girl: but you are terribly afraid of a ducking—the storm won't hurt your clothe

'No, but I might be drowned." "And good for you if you was, for, except to stand here looking over at the University, you are good for nothing. Just let me catch any of those students

sneaking round my home, and I guess they'll find it hot for them. "I am certain they would -your presence would add heat to the devil's dominions," re-

torted the girl, stingingly, as her anger arose, and then, with a light laugh, she bounded away through the woods in search of the cow, which able interest and power; and when this author, of Louisiana. He saw downright hard ser- General Higgins, who had embarked in the it was her duty to look after. Still scolding, the woman retraced her way toward the cottage, while the girl hurried along

up the river-bank for a short distance, until she suddenly came upon an open space, bordered David," "Throne of David," "Pillar of Fire," the country. As she was about to cross the opening, for the tinkling of a bell told her that the object of her

search was not far distant, she started back and crouched down in the thicket, for, not fifty paces from her, she beheld a strange scene for that lonely spot, miles from village or town. In the opening in the woods stood half a gloomy shadow—not reflected thereon by the

gathering storm-clouds, but the shadow of approaching evil.

one which the eye of no woman should ever thirty-third year—still young for one who has sition. haunted her memory, for the deed of that morning was one not to be idly banished from her thoughts.

Two of those six men were crouched upon the ground before open cases filled with glittering instruments, while two more conversed earstly together and in low tones, as though they feared the winds might bear their words away, to carry sorrow and gloom into some far-

The two principal figures in the six were, one pacing quickly to and fro, the other standing upright, his arms crossed upon his broad breast, his eyes cast down.

Both were persons who would attract attention in any assemblage, and yet very unlike each other, for one was a blonde, with the down as though in very fear at God's awful

nette, with hair and beard and eyes as black as

The face of the former was one that any wo man or child would gaze into and trust; the face of the latter neither man, woman or child could read-it was hard, stern, and strikingly handsome.

Unnoticed herself, the young girl crouched down in the thicket, afraid to retreat, afraid to move, and with straining eyes gazed upon the scene, following each movement of each individual in the group.

That the shadow of death rested on them she knew, and her heart almost ceased beating when the two men who had been conversing together approached the two who were standing apart, and placed in their hands two long, glittering weapons of deadly look.

A few moments more, and the six men stood erect, the two who had most attracted the attention of the young girl face to face, and about fifteen paces apart—the others upon one

Then a silence fell upon all, and even the birds in the woods ceased their song, and only the angry roar of the distant tempest broke upon the ear, and all nature seemed hushed with dread.

An instant only, but an age of agony to all who were there, passed away, and then in metallic tones, like the voice of a destroying angel, cut forth the words:

"Gentlemen! are you ready?" Each man, who stood there upon the brink of the grave, looking calmly into eternity, merely bowed assent, and again the crisp tones of the second cut the air with startling dis

bluest eyes and the goldenest hair, and long, presence upon the lonely scene they had sought drooping mustache; the other the darkest bru- for a meeting across an open grave.

CHAPTER II PECKING AT THE BARS.

When the maiden returned to consciousness for she had swooned away at the, to her, awful scene, she found herself alone, for no longer vas the open space occupied by those who had been there; their cruel work was done and they had gone.

With an effort of control the young girl regained her composure, though her face still wore a white, scared look, and she glanced staringly toward the spot where had lain the form of the man who had fallen before the aim of

How long she had been unconscious she knew not; but it could not have been many minutes, for the storm had not yet broken upon the earth, though the roar of its approach sounded louder and louder, and the lightning flashed wildly around her, causing her to shrink with ery dread.

The rapid tinkle of the bell showed that the cow was hurrying homeward to escape the tempest, and the girl was about to follow her example, when a white piece of paper attractd her attention.

It lay near where the dead man had fallen, and she walked timidly toward the spot and picked up the object that had caught her eye. It was a letter in an open envelope, and enfolded therein was a photograph of a beautiful woman, young, yet sad-looking. The envelope was addressed to:

"Colonel Roslyn Roselle."

"She is a beautiful woman, but her image did not protect him she loved; yes, I see all now—she is strangely like the one who fired the doct have the beautiful woman, but her image she cried for her to come back. Buf, unheading, the maiden sped swiftly on, and a troubled look came upon the woman's face, the doct have the back with the local work. the death-shot: the brother killed the lover!"

Thus mused the maiden, as she returned the photograph and letter to the envelope, and securely hid them in her bosom, while her face flushed and eyes sparkled as she continued musing half aloud.

"Oh, that I could be once more in the beautiful world I knew as a child, but from which, for four years I have been banished.

"I am beautiful, I know, and beauty is the hand of another, and a woman lured him on to his ruin.

"Girl that I am, I feel that I could win hearts—ay, make men my very slaves; but my power must not be felt, for I am imprisoned here, and all I have in the world to care for

Must I remain here forever when I know my beauty and my power?

"Or, must I escape to the beautiful world and become a belle, as all beautiful women can? "No, I am a slave here, and here must remain; yet I cannot but fret at my imprisonment—ha! I hear the shrill voice of auntie calling me, and I must off to the river.'

So saying the maiden cast another shudder ing glance upon the red stain which the earth was slowly drinking up, and with a light step ounded away toward the river bank.

Arriving there she found the waters growing darker and darker under the gloom of the heavens, and beheld that the storm was gather-"Colonel Roslyn Roselle."

Nothing else was written thereon, and then the girl, with a curiosity that might be excused burst with fury soon.

while she cried anxiously, "My God! she will surely drown—curse her recklessness—no, no, no, she must not drown, for though I hate her, yet she must not die, or my life-long plot will fail, and I will lose all, riches, revenge and all.

"Come back, girl! fool that you are, do you not see your danger! Come back come back!"
In vain the cry; the maiden still kept on until she reached mid-river, and there, throwing out her anchor, she calmly sat down to kidnap power, for I have this day seen one man die at from the dark waters the evening meal for herself and scolding aunt, while she really enjoyed the fright of the woman whom she spied ipon the shore, and whose voice she plainly heard, though heeded not.

As the lightning flashed more brightly, and me is a woman I hate, even though kindred blood flows in our veins.

the storm waze the storm water from the storm louder and louder she shrieked to the thoughtless girl.

Louder and louder rung out her cries, until the long-coming storm at length was upon the waiting scene with a burst of fury, and before the scattering winds the waters were lashed into madness, a darkness like unto night fell upon the earth, and with terror at the violence of the tempest, the woman shrunk back under the shelter of the huge rock, crying out, "She is lost, she is lost! Yes, the waves have washed over her, and I shall never see her more.'

Then, with a despairing cry, as though the hopes of a life-time were shattered at one fell blow, she sunk down and buried her face in her

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MASTER OF THE YACHT. Within the massive walls of the University, apon which the eyes of the maiden had been turned from her position near the rock, sat a young man, indolently gazing from the window of his comfortably furnished room, and apparently in deep and melancholy thought.

In his hand he held an open letter, and it was what he had therein read that clouded his brow and set him to musing.

Apparently twenty-five years of age, he was yet several years younger, for his life of wild dissipation had added maturity and hard lines to his face which otherwise would have been

Still it was a handsome face, dark, fascinating, in spite of its expression, and in the eyes dwelt a look hard to fathom.

He was attired in the hight of fashion, and his chamber was furnished almost luxuriantly. Around the walls hung sketches and paintings from his own pencil and brush, while a guitar upon the floor, and a flute upon the table, proved that he was a lover of music.

Other articles of pastime, a pair of foils, a

shot-gun, and a brace of pistols, hung upon the wall, and a decanter of brandy and glasses were upon a sideboard.

But, unmindful of the interior comforts of his temporary home, all of which portrayed the student of wealth, refinement and unlimited indulgence, the young lord of this luxuriant chamber wistfully gazed without, yet seemingly unconscious of the approaching storm, looming grandly up from behind the hills upon the river's other shore.

Presently he raised the open letter in his hand, and read, written in a delicate, feminine

hand:

"Oh, Claude, if you would but relinquish your wild life, then I would love you so dearly; but as it is now, this must be the last letter I must ever write to you.

"Blame not, Claude, my brother Mark, for he certainly should advise me of your wild course at college, and being constantly near you has every opportunity to know you as you are.

"If it were not for your past life Mark would gladly see me one day become your wife; but, as it is, he forbids me to write to you again, and, though I hate sadly to give you up, I must do so—at least, until you prove yourself worthy of my love; then all will be well again, Claude, and I need not reproach you more.

you more.
"Remember, Claude, when you have proven yourself the true man I long to see you, come to me, and I will prove how dearly I love you."

The student naused raised his the scenery without, and said:

"Poor, darling Louise; you are worth the sacrifice, and I will prove myself worthy of Ha! yonder is that fair maid again vour loveat the rock—I would give a cool hundred to speak to her—and I will."

As if instantly forgetting his new resolve, and the maiden who had temporarily won him away from his evil life, Claude Clinton, the handsome, dashing, wild and reckless heir of a large fortune, arose quickly, and, shoving the letter into his pocket, seized his cap and rapidly descended from his rooms to the campu

Down the gravel walk to the river walked the handsome student, until he halted upon a pier, against which were moored several small sailboats, or yachts, belonging to the students and

Into one of the largest and handsomest of Claude Clinton sprung, and 'instantly raised the sail and cast off. A light breeze was blowing, and the little

yacht glided away, and yet, though the stu-dent knew that the threatening storm must soon break upon him, he showed no fear, but boldly began to tack across the river

After twenty minutes' sailing, Claude Clinton beheld a light skiff shoot out from the other shore and row directly for the middle of the

"By Heaven! she is a brave girl to coolly throw out her line in the face of the tempest. Ha! there comes a warning; I must luff up and So saying the student brought his little craft

up into the wind, lowered his sail, and soon had all snugly reefed down. As he again sprung to his tiller, the storm was upon him, and at once he knew his danger

and felt also, that if he could not aid the young girl in her frail skiff she would be lost. On sped his yacht, held firmly on her course but running lee under, pressed over by the mad

winds, while the waters were lashed into a foaming caldron, and around him all was almost as dark as night. He had already coursed the position of the skiff, ere the storm struck it, and directly to-

ward the spot he held his way, his eyes narrowy searching the waters. A moment more and a white object caught

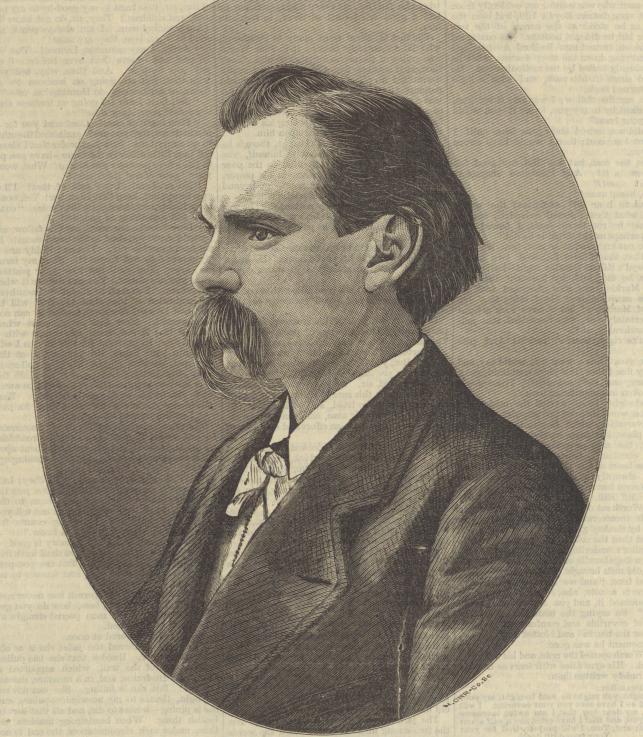
nis eye—it was the upturned skiff. Searchingly he scanned the mad waters, but

owhere visible was the form for which he ooked, and in a tone of real anguish, he cried: 'My God! she is lost! Poor, poor girl."

CHAPTER IV A GIRL'S RESOLVE TO CONQUER.

WHEN Claude Clinton felt certain that the maiden was lost, he put his little craft about. for it was buffeted hard by the cruel waves, and was endeavoring to reach the University pier, when, suddenly, he descried a human form in the waters.

One glance, and he recognized the maiden. an expert swimmer, struggling hard for life and



COLONEL PRENTISS INCRAHAM.

tion. His "Lafitte," "Kyd," "Montezuma," etc., are yet remembered as stories of remarkby becoming a minister of the Protestant Episnarration into his "Prince of the House of days.

enviable fame. dozen men, and upon the face of each rested a tion that will give him the material for future he first thought of his pen as a resource and three or four years he has produced in rapid

the blinding glare of lightning that swept the

ward upon the green sward, but ere her eves

closed in unconsciousness she beheld the dark

his forehead stained with life's crimson tide-

his foe standing erect, his face covered by his

visaged man lying full length upon the ground,

" Fire !"

COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM comes of good | seen so much of the world as he. Educated | stock," being the son of Rev. J. H. Ingraham, in St. Timothy's Hall, Maryland, and Jefferson who, a generation ago, was a great power in College, Mississippi, he entered the Confederate writing freely for the popular papers and magthe world of popular romance and religious fic- service at the breaking out of the civil war, and served on the military staffs of General Withers, of Mississippi, and General Higgins, this time under his old Confederate commander, vice and was taken prisoner at Port Hudcopal Church, carried his peculiar power of son, after the fierce "siege" of fifty-one ment's arrest of the steamer Hornet, however,

Colonel then put out for the far West, where When the war ended he went to Mexico and upon one side by a broad highway traversing etc., his books won an enormous sale and an served against Maximilian. Then he 'adven- he passed some time as the comrade of Indians, tured' awhile in South America, and re- Scouts and Hunters. His son, adopting his father's first profession, turned to the United States to 'try his hand' bids fair to excel his fame as a romance at business, but was not successful; so, looking came to the great literary center to resume his writer, seeing that, with all the father's power around for something more 'in his line,' he pen-work, having learned, he is free to confess, of invention, he has, in his own decidedly ro- found it in Europe; then he drifted off far that the pen is mightier than the sword, tomamantic life, a fund of experience and observa- to the East, finally returned to London, where hawk and knife combined. During the past contributed sketches and poems to the popular succession serial stories and novels that have Prentiss was born near Natchez, Miss., in journals, and was editor of the Franco-Ameri- given him an enviable repute and led the lovers It was a mysterious group, a sad scene, and the year 1843, and, therefore, is now in his can, published in Paris during the great Expo- of popular literature to expect many good things

> under the circumstances, read the few lines that But the flash of the pistols was unnoticed in were written upon the scented, tinted paper.

They were as follows: "My own Roslyn:
"I am a prisoner in my own home, for my brother returned to-day, and from some source has heard

story of our love. By a faithful servant I send you this note, in-"By a faithful servant I send you this note, inclosing my photograph, and beg you to at once leave the country, for Clarence has sworn to take your life, and well I know that he will keep his word.
"Go, Roslyn, for my sake, and when you are safe from harm then I will come and seek you, and together we will go through life.
"Now I cannot say more. Wear my likeness next your heart, and it will, I pray God, protect you.
"When you have gone elsewhere, write to our old address, and I will come to you.
"Ever loving you, I bid you a hopeful farewell.
"Florioe."

Yet, though she dreaded the shock of the

from his pen.

As she pulled out upon the waters, lying in wait, as it were, to engulf the daring girl who thus defied their power when lashed to fury by the angry winds, the shrill voice of her aunt was again heard, and the next moment

she appeared upon the scene. glance out over the river, and she be-

scene—the crack of the weapons unheard in the terrific crash of heaven's artillery, while from its towering top to its rootlets a massive tree standing not far off was shivered by the stroke hurled upon it from the storm-clouds above. With a cry of terror the maiden sunk for-

tempest, and trembled at the thought of facing the danger on the treacherous waters, she feared the shrill voice and rude hand of her hated aunt still more, and springing into her rude boat, she seized the oars and sped off over the waters-determined to face that which few men dare face.

Returning to this country, after several

years more of travel, he here resumed his pen,

azines. But the spirit of unrest that was not

yet appeased led him to "see service" again-

cause of Cuban Independence. Our Govern-

cut off the well-planned expedition, and the

But of this he finally tired and once more

held the light skiff bounding away, and loudly nearly exhausted, yet still struggling.

He recognized her by the long golden braids of hair floating behind her, and instantly cried out in ringing tones:

Keep where you are, Miss, and I will run to windward of you.' Up to that moment the maiden had believed herself lost, yet, since her frail skiff had cap-

sized, she had determined to struggle for life. Glancing behind her at the call, for she had not before seen the yacht, she instantly felt revived with hope, waved her hand in reply, and the next moment was drawn on board the little craft

Claude Clinton had often before seen the maiden upon the river, and time and again had endeavored to approach her, but always she had eluded him, while she had as often admired the handsome young student, and shunned him through dread of her aunt's displeasure,

though she loved to meet him. Now the two were face to face, and to the student the maiden owed the preservation of

Shall I take you to your home, Miss?" asked Claude Clinton, gazing with rapture into the beautiful face before him.

If you please. The wind comes from the other shore, and we can run in under the shelter of the land," replied the maiden, in the sweetest voice the student had ever heard.

Instantly he put the craft away on its cours for the other shore, and a few minutes after the sharp bow grazed the rock, crouching against which was the old scold, cursing, praying and bewailing in the same breath.

The arrival of the boat startled her, and see

ing the maiden safe she at once began a tirade of abuse against her, which surprised Claude Clinton, and further astonished was he when the old virago gave him also a sample of her

Too thoroughly polite to retort to an old aunt—in the presence of a lovely niece—Claude Clinton bowed, sprung back upon his yacht, and was soon daring the storm in recrossing the river, and leaving behind him his heart in the keeping of the lovely girl whose life he had

Once having seen the maiden, and looked down into her passion-stirring eyes, Claude Clinton was determined to again meet her, even if he had to face old Madam Ramsey, as her aunt was called, and come under a running

fire from her sharp tongue. But a week elapsed ere he could accomplish object, and then he had to run his yacht boldly up to her little boat as she was Ishing in the river, and in full view of the University

and the cottage in the glen.

From that day Claude Clinton and Eve Ains lie met constantly, and the image of p or Louise was taken from out the student's heart, and the beautiful face of the cottage maiden enshrined there, for the young man seemed to love her with his whole heart.

As for Eve Ainslie, though a mere child in ears, she was a woman in form and mind, and her ambitious nature caused her to determine to make Claude Clinton her slave from the first.

Though thankful to him in her inmost heart for having saved her life, and admiring him exceedingly, he was yet not the man to win her whole love, to stir the deeper feelings of her na-

Still he was a stepping-stone to other triumphs, and she would place her tiny foot upon his neck and thereby lift herself from obscurity to a position in the world.

Finding that he could not make a toy of the maiden, country girl though she was, and fas-cinated by her, Claude Clinton came boldly out and asked her to become his wife.

"You have told me that your father wishes you to remain at College the balance of the term?" quietly said Eye.

'True; but I have thought of a plan which if you will agree to, will cause all to come right in the end. Listen and I will tell you," and Claude Clinton made known to Eve Ainslie a plan he had formed, which, for reckless daring has found few students in a University's walls bold enough to risk the chances of its success.

(To be continued.)

MAY AND DECEMBER.

BY VIOLET VANE.

The old man leaned on his gold-tipped staff,
And moved with a faltering tread;
His frame was bent, and the hearty voice,
With his youth and vigor had fied.
For four-score winters had come and gone,
And drifted their snow on his head.

Slowly he traversed the broad church-aisle, And gazed with a pardonable pride And gazed with a pardonable pride
On a beautiful girl, in the bridal white,
Who gracefully walked by his side.
For soon at the altar, the man of God For soon at the altar, the man of dod Would make this young maiden his bride.

Her form was lithe as a woodland sylph,
And her face vied the flow'rets fair.
The wild rose bloomed on her velvety cheek,
And the sunshine was meshed in her hair;
The rippling laughter, so silvery sweet,
Had never been hushed by a care.

Through the stained glass windows the warm sun shone,
'Mid the dusk in grand church old,
And barred with a glory of rainbow light,
The bowed heads of silver and gold,
And if in her heart was a pang of regret,
No secrets the azure eyes told.

The vows had been uttered that bound then

for aye, And with the gay curious throng, The bride and the bridegroom wended their

way
To the light, and the birds' joyous song:
He with his feet on the verge of life's nightAnd she, in the flush of its morn.

The Masked Miner:

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD.

CHAPTER XVI. MIDNIGHT WHISPERINGS.

NIGHT gloomed down over the place; the city lay quiet—sleeping beneath the heavy pall of darkness, and its own constantly overhanging clouds of soot and smoke.

It had been an eventful day in this city of iron and coal—the day just passed; and in cer tain circles an excitement was created, seldom

The main incidents of this singular case of abduction may still be remembered by many worthy denizens of the Smoky Town; and to the author's certain knowledge-for we have seen him recently—the estimable alderman before whom Tom Worth had his preliminary examination, is to-day living.

Of course such court cases, nevertheless, occur daily in all our great cities, but they are quickly decided, and are rapidly and speedily forgotten. The ripple on the surface of society, they may create, gradually, nay oftenest, rapidlu, trembles away toward the shores, and is lost amid the wavelets that fret and break upon the margin of the life-sea.

So it may be of the incidents in the tale we are weaving. We have chosen it from among several—have dignified it, and given it prominence and importance. Of course, attention will be drawn to it, and there may be some, or many, who will cavil at its truthfulness, and doubt the authenticity of the case as we have recorded it.

To such we will simply say, consult the criminal annals of the city for that particular twelve months—only ten years sincevill find the case. Of course, we have changed t in some particulars, to suit our purpose; but you can find it, and the good-natured clerk of the court, for a small fee, will allow you to sit in his large, musty office on Grant's Hill and look over the record to your heart's content. We have simply "varnished" the tale, in accordance with the privilege of authordom, but we have not obscured its truth thereby.

Well, then, it was night over the city, and the worthy (and unworthy) denizens of the place were for the most part wrapped in slumber, some perhaps dreaming of gold, others of approaching happiness; others, perhaps, of the igular trial witnessed that day at Alderman March's office, on Penn street, and the very strange conduct on the part of Tom Worth, 'the poor miner," as he was generally spoken

That night, about eleven o'clock, a man stood at the corner of Bedford avenue and Fulton street; he had just reached the intersection of the two streets, and then stood there, looking round him in every direction, as if undecided which way to go, whether on up the avenue, or out into the street, and thence to the summit of

As he stood thus hesitating and undecided. ne suddenly heard footsteps behind him. The place was lonely and unfrequented at all times; now it was deserted and desolate. The man mastily thrust his hand in his bosom, and backed himself up against the embankment, as if

to let the other pass. The man who was coming up, evidently from the not very distant Boyd's Hill, had seen the other as he stood at the corner of the two streets; but he did not hesitate. He continued straight on, turned into Bedford Avenue, and was hurrying down the steep descent, when he was suddenly hailed by the motionless one. He stopped short in his walk, and with a light augh turned back

"Ah, my fine fellow; I was sure it was you, and walked by to try you, to see if you would know your boss!

"I did not indeed know you, boss, until I saw that long coat; then I would have sworn

Yes, the coat, ha! ha! But, my good fellow, how is it? Any suspicious characters a punit to nest?" "No, boss; none."

"Glad to h ar it!" exclaimed the other; from what that infernal scoundrel, now in jail-may he rot there!-said, I feared that others perhaps might think as he did.'

"I do not know what he said, boss, but I do know that that fellow followed two others from Boyd's Hill on Tuesday night-ha! ha! "Yes, he did; and, by heavens! that tollkeeper, Markley, saw him afterward with one of these same fellows! Good thing that evidence of Markley's; but I have seen several men, certainly one, who resembled that jail-bird considerably, eh?" "You're right, boss; so have I! And, per

"Yes, you, I know what you would say, and

here, my fine fellow, is a purse containing gold.
'Tis yours; and now good-night!" These words were spoken in a significant tone

"Good-night, boss," replied the other, and without a word more of this singular, incoherent conversation, which despite the loneliness of the place, had been carried on in a halfwhisper, the men separated—the one styled "boss," continuing down Bedford avenue, toward the heart of the sleeping city; the other turning abruptly off from the same avenue, and was soon lost in the shades that hung over

Tom Worth sat on a low stool one long hour after his incarceration, but he was suddenly the key grating and creaking in the lock, and then the cell door was opened. One of the jailer's underlings appeared, lugging after him a huge bundle of bed-clo hing.

"An old man brought this for you," he said,

in a kind tone, "and we allowed him to leave Here is a note, also, which he sent; we have examined it, and you are allowed to receive it." So saying the man spread out the bundle of coverlids and comforters, and gave the miner the blurre I and blotted note.

In a moment he was gone. Tom Worth opened the note, and his big heart His eyes filled with tears as he read throbbed. the few rudely written lines:

the few rudely washed the few rudely washed to high the cold to-night, my poor "I thought you might be cold to-night, my poor Tom, and so I have sent you your covering. I will also say, my dear boy, that I am awful lonesome without you, and that I have cried like a calf about you, Tom; and, Tom, I will pray to God for your your friend till death, "B. W."

The hours sped on, and still Tom Worth thought not of lying down. Eleven o'clock, and then twelve o'clock struck, and the prisoner

Suddenly, far above him, at a little grate in the cell, looking into the jail-yard, he heard a cautious "hist!" He glanced up, but could see nothing. Then he heard a low voice, but he drank in every word:

"I followed you, Tom, and I know where they have put you. Speak, my boy! I have twenty stout fellows in hail, who'll tear these bars out for you! Speak the word, and say you're NOT guilty, Tom! Time flies."

"No, no, Ben! Go home and pray for me, but no violence, if you love me," was the cau-"Then good-by, Tom," came in tremulous tones, after a moment's pause, from the speak-

er above. "I'll do as you say. 'Good-by, God bless you, Ben!" was silent again; no more whispers came, and Tom Worth was once more alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND THAT STICKS.

As warped and misdirected as were Mr. Harley's notions of right and wrong, in this particular instance, yet our readers must not forget that he was a father with only one link o bind him to the memory of her who now slept the lasting sleep, beneath a costly mauso eum in Hilldale Cemetery.

He was a fond and doting parent; and the one short week which had elapsed since the sudden disappearance of his daughter, had wrought a marvelous change in the old man. His pomposity of manner had left him: the flashing of his imperious eye was now subdued and faint. His haughty stride was now an old man's tottering, feeble step; his every gesture a palpable sign of weakness, a bridge.

lack of moral and physical nerve. and a deathlike pall r there. Doctor Breeze, the river.

who more than once, in his own frank, cordial manner, had called to see how matters were, and if any tidings had been heard of the missing maiden, noted the altered appearance of his friend, and had covertly stole his finger over the irregular, jerking pulse, throbbing so heavily under the hot surface of the feverish wrist. And then the old physician had hinted that he had better take care of himself

The fact is, old Mr. Harley had been think ng a good deal—had been thinking of the unfinished sentence—the incomplete words of Tom Worth, the miner-of the noble, honest look of that poor man. And then gradually he had thought to himself that it was hard to be lieve Tom Worth guilty of the dark crime, though he had been so quick to believe it. But Fairleigh Somerville had said so!

The old man, sitting late one night in his library, suddenly rose to his feet; a thought had come over him; if possible he would see Tom Worth in his cell!

Still no tidings of the girl; still the old man's rich reward was unclaimed!

We have mentioned that one week had elapsed since the arrest and commitment of Tom Worth for the alleged abduction of Grace

The time had passed slowly with the unfortunate prisoner. He was a strong man, and one accustomed to daily, vigorous exercise may be imagined that an existence, confined to a narrow cell of twelve feet square, and hardly high enough in the ceiling to allow him to stand upright, was one of irksomeness to such a man as Tom Worth. The hours dragged themselve slowly away to him, and he prayed for the night to come, that he might find quiet and forgetfulness in slumber.

For two days no one was allowed to see him. save the turnkey, who, accompanied by an underling, appeared twice a day at the iron door, with the prisoner's meals. This turnkey wa kindly disposed toward the unfortunate man whom he fed, for, on every fitting occasion he had a good word—one of cheer, to speak to

The fact is, there were many in Pittsburgh who did not entirely believe that Tom Worth was guilty of the crime imputed to him. thought it strange that a man who had really committed an offense against the law, should peremptorily refuse to accept bail! To them it was a powerful argument that he had preferred to await his trial, at no risk to his friends, and had gone to jail, instead of taking his liberty, which had been almost forced upon him.

Among those who thus thought, though he kept his musings and opinions to himself, was the jailer. So he was very kind to the poor miner, and sought, by all means in his power to show his sympathy, so as not to go beyond the bounds of propriety as a public officer.

But Tom Worth scarcely noticed this; he was so completely wrapt up in his own thoughts, in his own dreamings, that he paid but little heed to aught else.

Thanks to the kind remembrance of old Ben, he did not suffer in his prison home. He had a good bed, with an abundance of warm cover-

But, old Ben had not been allowed to see his friend, though he had plead earnestly to that On the third day after his incarceration, the

prisoner requested the use of paper and ink. The jailer hesitated only for a moment.
"Certainly, Tom," he said, "you shall have them. But, you know no letters can be sent out

unless they are inspected first." "Very good, sir. I simply wished to make certain notes in this case of mine. You know, sir, that I am to be tried, and—" his voice faltered-"I am a poor man, and can engage no lawyer. I must make an effort and defend my

For a moment the jailer looked at him. " ou shall have paper and ink," he at length d, in a low voice, "and, Tom, mention it to said, in a low voice, why, though a poor man myself and with children to feed, yet—why, you see that—well, Tom, in a word, I can let you have fifty dollars. Lawyer Cochrane is a whole-souled man, and he'll defend you for that," and jingled the heavy keys in the

lock, looked at the prisoner again. "May God bless you and yours, my good friend!" said Tom Worth, as a tear stood in his eye, "I hope the day may yet come when I can tell you how much I am indebted to you. But I'll not take the money. Keep it, my good fellow, for your children, and may God bless you and them!"

On the next day—that is the fourth day after his arrest—Tom Worth was startled to hear the oolts of his prison-door rattle in the lock. door was opened. In another moment he was locked in the embrace of Ben Walford.

"I've come, Tom, come at last," said the old man, with emotion, "to tell you that I haven't forgot you, my poor boy, and to hug you to my old heart again. God bless you, Tom!"

The jailer turned his eyes away, as he saw the two strong men meet, and heard the words of true devotion which fell from the rough old man's lips. "Heaven bless you, Ben!" was all that the

prisoner could utter. "I can only say, Tom," continued the old man, "that I am true to you, my boy; to say keep up your spirits; to tell you, my boy, to try and come back soon, for the hours pass lone somely in my cabin at night without you; and now! ah! how sorrowfully the wind moan over the mountain, to me, all alone! But,

good-by, Tom; good-by and may God bless Then the old miner was gone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NIGHT COMPACT AND A WIND-WAIF. NIGHT once more had fallen upon Pittsburgh. The lamps were lit in the smoky streets, and the bell from the neighboring spire had struck nine The thoroughfares and avenues wore o'clock. a deserted look. There were but few persons yet stirring abroad, for the air was chilly and wet, and grates, furnaces and fire-places made it more pleasant to court the comforts of in-doors. Despite the chilliness of the night, however, there were walkers abroad, and those who, muffled up and thoroughly concealed prowled about.

Such were two men. They had just left the dingy purlieus of the Shinley Property in Alleghany City, and entered Cedar avenue. They continued their way rapidly on, and at last emerged from the nest of great iron houses huddled by the river-bank, near the Fort Wayne railroad bridge.

They here glanced around them for a moment, as they stood on the silent abutment Then, with a half-uttered exclamation of satisfaction, they turned off simultaneously, and were soon within the gloomy recesses of the

Fifteen minutes elapsed before they emerged The ruddy flush of health had passed away from the long bridge and plunged into the dark from his round, pale cheek, leaving a hollow depths of the sleeping city, on the other side of

They hurried rapidly on until they reached the straight double track of the Pennsylvania rail-road; turning abruptly down which they strode on for several hundred yards.

Suddenly they paused. "Here we are, Launce," said one of the men, glancing up at the steep face of the cliff to his

The speaker was entirely enveloped in a long cloak, reaching almost to his feet.

"Tis a rough climb, and we must do it, for it cuts off a long tramp. Come, let's go

The man turned off the track, and began to climb the high, precipitous hill. His companion followed obediently at his heels. The ascent was arduous, but they did not turn back—did not They had an object in view least one of them had, and they kept on faith-

A full half hour elapsed before they stood panting, almost exhausted, on the crowning point of Cliff Hill.

"Come, Launce, let us go down Bedford avenue, and get out of the reach of this infernal wind!" said the tall man in the long over-

Without stopping to rest they hastened down Fulton street, and did not pause until they were sheltered in the banks that rose above Bedford

"Sit down, Launce, somewhere, anywhere, and let's have our final talk about that little

The man called Launce did not reply at once he seemed to be thinking. "Yes, boss, yes. But, boss, it seems to me mighty hard to force a man away from his home

"Force vou! Nonsense! It will only be for a time; and then remember, Launce, suppose you were found out! How about the law in

your case, resemblance or no resemblance?" The man started. "True, true, boss," he said, rather humbly.
"But, sir, it is hard to say good-by to my poor wife and children! They, sir, do not know that

I am a wicked man. I am always gentle and kind to them, boss, they are mine!" "Again I say nonsense, Launce! You will be paid well—more than ever before. I will pay you to night. And then, why, tell your wife that you are going on business to Al-toona, or further east, to Huntingdon, or—"

'But, boss, I am not going on business and I never told poor Mary a lie! 'Then begin at once! Confound you for an obstinate ass, that you are!" exclaimed the other, in an angry tone. "Do you prefer that I should tell that little affair in the mine—have you put

in jail where perhaps you belong? What would your 'poor Mary' think then?"
"No, no, boss! Don't talk of that! I'll do any thing; but, keep that from her! Yet, boss, he suddenly continued, in a firm voice, "could

I not tell something on you, and-"Dare breathe one word, my fine fellow, and I would shoot you dead in the court-room! Do not tempt me too far. You and Teddy are in my power-do not forget it! Now, my terms are these: You shall not lose your position while you are absent. You can resume it when you return. You shall be absent one month: at the expiration of that time the trial will be over, and Edward Markley's testimony can not be subverted. After that event, come when you feel like it, but, mark me, return with smooth face. In payment for this service I will give into your hands, this very night, at this very spot, the sum of two hundred dollars in gold. Besides that, Launce, it is as much for your interest as mine, that you should be away from Pittsburgh—and you know why. That coincidence was a most fortunate thing for me!

yes! I do not conceal it -for me!" The other answered not for several moments he had seated himself again by the roadside on the rude stone, and his head was bent upon his breast. But, at length, without looking up,

"Tis all right, boss, and I will obey; but boss, you promised me a little extra pay for carrying victuals for a certain person, to the old house, you know, sir. I would not tell you of it, sir, but every little thing counts for

Exactly, Launce; your memory is good; I hadn't forgot my promise. You shall have five dollars extra; that's enough. But are you particular to wear your mask, and answer to no

'Yes, sir, though this person has never spo ken a word to me; and, boss, how do you get along there?" and the man peered straight at him whom he addressed.

The "boss" answered at once. "Not well, confound the jade! she is as obstinate as can be. Besides that she has pulled spike out of the wall, which supported a heavy picture-frame, and, in a measure, she de-fies me! But she is failing. She can not see daylight, thanks to my no-window-palace, and she is pining—wishes to die, and all that sort of foolish thing. When headstrong maidens get thus, under such circumstances, the end is not far off, and they'll be glad to own a man as husband, who thus triumphs over obstinacy

I am half sorry for that girl, boss; she's a good woman, and is kind to us," said Launce. "Dare show your sympathy for her, by word or sign, and I tell you, Launce, your life would be cheap at nothing! Hark you well—and I am not given to trifling!"

and prejudice! I must have her and her gold!

I'll not disobey you, boss, in any thing But now, when shall I go from these parts?" "Day after to-morrow, by the easternbound morning train. Stop where you may, but nowhere under thirty miles from Pitts burgh. Let me know where that stopping place may be as soon as you are there.

found this wind! How rough it is!" The wind had indeed risen, and was howling in gusts along the deep cut of the nar row street, and over the high hill on which

The man who last spoke—the "boss"to his feet, buttoned his overcoat closer around his chin, and drew the heavy woolen scari high up about his neck. The other man arose also.

"We must say good-by, Launce. When you return you will know where to go—every Tuesday night, now, in the 'Shinley,' you know. Here, take the roll; it contains two hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold pieces; and here," taking a bank bill from his vest-pocket, "is a five-dollar note. Carry this vixen her food to-morrow, and on the folowing morning Teddy will relieve you. Good-

Good-by, boss," replied the other, taking the money, "and thank you, too, sir."

The two men separated—Launce returning up Cliff Hill, which he descended to the track the railroad; and then he was soon lost in

the gloom toward the Union depot. The other started down Bedford avenue, turned abruptly to the left, and, winding his way along a deep gully, and across an open common, he finally entered Stephenson street, up which he strode at a rapid stride

The hours grew on, and the black night came down, blacker every moment. The hoarse wind, now blowing a half-hurricane, ore shudderingly through the dark streets, banging unbolted shutters, and swinging creaking signs with its breath of storm and fury. rough indeed and wild was the driving

Boyd's Hill to its foundations. Half asleep, and yet far from being asleep in the true sense of the word, Grace Harley, within the one strange room of that old habitation, sat leaning on her elbow, as she heard the mad wind howling and roaring outside, and as she felt the uncertain tremor of the structure, as, exposed on the top of the bleak hill to the full fury of the hurricane, it shook and viorated fearfully.

gale, that it shook the mysterious old house on

Then she sat upright. A low light was burning from the splendid chandelier—just enough to reveal the gorgeous, glaring paintings hanging on the walls—enough to show the costly carpet, and the rare furniture of the apartment; enough, too, to light up the haggard cheek, the lack-luster eye, the failing form of the wretched girl.

"Good heavens!" she murmured, "what is that? Am I to die thus and here, all alone?" The hideous thought that the house would be blown down rushed over her brain.
"What is that?" she again suddenly exclaim-

ed, as a rustling, rattling sound, as if something was being driven down the chimney, fell upon The girl cowered away upon the sofa in very

dread. Then the cause of the singular noise was, all at once, explained. A stray newspaper, tattered and bedraggled, caught by the wanton wind, had been literally

erced down the chimney flue. With a faint, sickly smile, at her own needless terror, the girl drew near and picked up the paper. It was an old number, dated two days paper. It was an old number, dated two days after the event on the Mount Washington road. Grace Harley cast her eyes over it. Suddenly she started as her gaze fell on a particu-

ar paragraph—her eyes seeming to gloat over She hastily turned the light on; and sinking into a chair, commenced to scan that short paragraph. At that instant, however, a heavy step sounded without, and the girl just had time, as a wild shudder swept over her frame, to cram the newspaper into her bosom, and shrink back to the sofa she had left, as a key

grated harshly in the lock. (To be con inued-commenced in No. 318.)

A True Knight: TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER. CHAPTER XIX.

KNIGHTED IN LOVE. Coila became impatient of these raptures. 'Am I permitted to retire now?" said she, reathing hard. "On the contrary, you are very particularly

pressed to remain," said Mr. Wylie, and raising his voice called—"Officer!" The messenger entered without his cloak.

Alas! His coat was blue, his buttons were prass, and he carried a short truncheon in his

hand "Arrest that woman if she attempts to nove!" said the inexorable Wylie. The officer took his place beside the lady in

lurid satin. "The night before the storm at Stormcliff," resumed the artist, "Miss De Vouse visited the ruin where Aubrey Armand was hidden, accompanied by a woman, rather a rough charac-ter from Linsdale, of the name of Louisa Garth. She stole the child in Mr. Laurie's absence, recognizing at a glance, his likeness to Mrs. Stan-ley. She also set the ruin on fire that Mr. Laurie might be induced to believe that the child had perished in the flames and make no search for him elsewhere. I had seen her go although she thought she had eluded all observation, and when she denied having gone I suspected at once the effect which the discovery had had upon her. Next morning the steamer Simphic was wrecked on the bar at Stormliff and Armand was tossed ashore at her very feet. Taking advantage of her terror at his appearance, I wrung from her the information for which alone I had made her acquaintance— I mean what she had done with Mrs. Stanley's will. It was not until afterwards that I dis-

covered why the young Jezebel had made the confession. Read the will, Falcon, will you?" Mr. Falcon drew a leather case from his breast pocket, opened it and produced the mil-dewed packet which had lain for eight months und r h dead lady's pillow, and opening it with professional formality, read in a resounding voice the testamentary wishes of Rosa Stanley. The will was brief; it simply and concisely settled a life interest in Mrs. Stan-

ley's fortune on her beloved and only son.

Aubrey Armand, with the reversion of the

whole fortune to her true friend, George

Laurie, referring to the confession which was

to be found with the will in her desk for explan-This, with some handsome legacies to the older domestics, made the contents of the docu-

"To hide this will," said Mr. Wylie, "became a necessity of Miss De Vouse, who had set her heart on marrying a wealthy widower instead of living any longer on her own sharp little wits. This will not having appeared, the property fell in due time into the hands of Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Stanley fell in due time into the hands of Miss De Vouse. When Miss De Vouse recognized Aubrey Armand, the heir, she saw it was about time to quit or make a fresh start, so she sent that boy, half dead as he was, right along to New York with Louisa Garth as jailer, and hid him in an attic in First avenue. I'd my eye on her, though, and with the assistance of Constable Johnson here, we tracked her last night, between one and two in the morning, making her way with the woman Garth to the hole where the poor boy was shut up. Well, it ain't worth while to say much more, I guess. They thought they had drowned him in the river, but we were handier than they imagined, and fished him up again. Poor little chap, he'll never be nearer gone! That's why I played you false, you little Hecate!" exclaime! Wylie, turning upon her with anger and admiration struggling for the mastery. "If you'd behaved yourself I couldn't have served you so, for you'd played your part so well. Hanged if I ever saw anything half so clever! Off with er!" added he to the policeman; "I guess we've ad enough of her!"

As the man's hand touched her shoulder she ttered an agonized scream, then fought like a igress for her liberty.

"You'd best come along quietly," said the officer, producing a pair of bracelets rather grimmer than the sparkling rubies which encircled her white arms. That grizzly sight cowed her; she quietly put on her white camel's-hair

"Messieurs, my judges," said she, "and Mademoiselle Purity, I defy you all! Your be-nefits I return them to you with disdain! Your kindnesses I spit on them; they were false and fleeting! Fate mocks me now, the jade; but wait, her wheel shall turn again, and I shall soar higher than ever, for voila! I was born under a fortunate star! I was to have been married to Monsieur Paul Stanley to-day! Ha! ha! His passion was amusing, but I would have wearied of it in a week! Adieu! I shall find equal amusement in the-ha! ha!-Tombs; for my mind is my kingdom, and it

With a sweeping stage bow, and a jaunty wave of the hand, she disappeared in good form, her light hand on the grinning officer's

arm and her train sweeping behind her.

"There is only one thing more to be done connected with this matter," said Mr. Wylie, when all were breathing freer and the sound of the officer's carraige wheels was no more heard; "in her absence this evening, and armed with a search warrant, Johnson and I went through her effects, and we came upon this packet-Mrs. Stanley's confession, I believe." He handed a sealed envelope to Stanley, who

read these words on the back: "To be read by my husband only. Finder

Stanley held it in his trembling hand, musing

with profound emotion over the sad, sad history of the woman who had loved him so well. "Friends," said he at last, breaking the re-spectful silence which they observed, "my wife's nonor is already vindicated; I desire no other proof of her purity. In your presence let me burn this unread; it relates to a past which I should never have wished to unvail had not evil thoughts prompted the cruel suspicions which | him. alienated me from her gradually and fatally Thus I consign to oblivion my dead wife's the girl to her father who was frowning. secret, and believing henceforth in goodness and purity, I shall, I trust, prove worthier of your friendships—my friends, Miss Verne, Mr. Verne, and Mr. Laurie—and also in the source from which all goodness flows."

He placed the packet in the heart of the glowing anthracite fire, and, in deep silence, "Bu they all watched it burn brightly—die out in lurid flakes, and flutter up the chimney.

"And now, let me show you Aubrey," said

George, turning for the first time from Mai-

The folding doors were both flung wide now and they saw the child lying on a sofa, his miserable father slouching at a distant window and the trooper. drumming the devil's tattoo on the sill.

George took him in his arms—a light weight

truly, but love thrilled every fiber of the little

"My dear Aubrey," said George, "look up, look up. This is Maiblume, the lovely lady who is to be my wife." And the boy looked up in the sweet bending

face, and the next moment was in her arms.

"My little brother!" whispered she, kissing him over and over again; "you and George and I shall never part from each other till God

And, lying between them, Aubrey Armand, too frail for such a strong elixir as complete happiness, swooned away.

Meantime Stanley, in a few terse sentences, was disposing of Monsieur Armand to his entire satisfaction—in fact buying his son of him. Having agreed to an exorbitant demand, and seen him out, he returned to his old friend Verne, who stood near the sofa quite upset by the little scena he had witnessed.

"We shall be old chums still,' said Stanley, linking his arm in his, and leaning on him with a wistful dependence new in him; "and for these three, may God shower His richest blessing on them and spare them to each other many

"Amen!" said the author, wringing his Chestnut without my consent.

Centennial Stories.

CHESTNUT.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH

I AM going to tell the story of a horse. The northern frontiers of South Carolina were filled with dismay by the result of the enement between Buford and Tarleton, at Waxhaw Creek. Reports of disaster spread rapidly, and almost before the thunder of the troopers guns had ceased to disturb the air the patriots' were riding to join Marion and Sumpter

In the vicinity of the battlefield were a num ber of loyal planters--men who rejoiced at the bloody work of Tarleton's sword-men who helped to chase the few patriots who escaped from the disastrous field.

Emily Laurens, the youngest daughter of one of these loyalists, was startled by the voices of men in the room directly beneath her boudoir.

It was the night after the battle-a night of sorrow for the young girl, whose heart bled for Buford and his butchered gallants. She listened to the sounds that came up from

below, and all at once thought that she recognized a voice.

"Can it be Colonel Tarleton himself?" she exclaimed. "I have heard his voice before. He dined here once, and—yes, that is the coarse Tarleton laugh!"

The girl's face flushed with indignation while she listened to the loud laugh which she believed fell from the lips of the victor of Waxhaw Creek, and she was leaving her station when the utterance of a single word kept her there: "Chestnut-

Emily Laurens held her breath.

"Chestnut is yours, Colonel," she heard her father say. "Leave your wounded steed in my stables, and mount the best and the swiftest horse in the Carolinas."

A thousand thanks," said Tarleton. "I trust that I shall never show Chestnut's tail to these pestiferous rebels. A good British sword will flash before his eyes, but he will become accustomed to the glitter. But am I not robbing some member of your household in accepting your munificent donation to the royal cause?"

The stars in the May sky were shining like diamonds, and a warm wind was rustling the cause?" that I shall never show Chestnut's tail to these

"And Chestnut, too, will rejoice," said the Tory. "Colonel, I will have him led out. Such

a horse as Chestnut is seldom met with in this ravaged State." Emily Laurens heard her favorite horse given to the British colonel. She heard her father order the steed brought from the stall that the new owner might feast his eyes upon his equine symmetry and beauty.

She rose to her feet and dashed tears from her When but a colt, he had eaten choice morsels Chestnut had been her pet for five years. from her hand, and she had been the first to guide him with the rein. Now he had been given to the man who would follow the patriots on his back, now his body would be exposed to the fire of battle, and a bullet might shatter one of those slender and faultless limbs.

The thought of parting with Chestnut was more than the girl could bear.

She resolved to go below, and throw her voice against the unjust donation. The horse was hers, and not her father's.

She found her family and the visitors—Colonel Tarleton and several officers—on the porch below awaiting the arrival of the horse. Her presence was not noticed for several minutes, as she joined the party quietly, and her face grew pale when the noise of hoofs and a whinney sa luted her ears.

The next moment a magnificent horse of a sleek chestnut color came in sight. He was led y the stable groomsman, who halted him before the group on the porch or veranda.

Tarleton gazed enraptured on the noble animal. In all his military life, he had never seen such a beautiful steed, and his eyes flashed with pride and covetousness while he looked.

"Ten thousand thanks for your princely gift!" the British colonel exclaimed, turning to the Tory whose hands he warmly clasped. time is not far distant when Banaster Tarleton will repay you. Sergeant, unsaddle Bess, and let me mount the finest steed in the

The last sentence—a command—was address ed to a sergeant of dragoons who stood at his side and the man was moving off when Emily Laurens stepped forward and laid her hand or

"Colonel Tarleton, Chestnut belongs to n she said with a great deal of firmness. have not asked his proper owner for the gift of

The British colonel smiled and glanced from Your father, I thought, had the disposal of the horse,' Tarleton said, looking at the young

and beautiful girl. "Chestnut has been mine always," answered. "His mother was mine; he is

"But you will not revoke the gift, my little lady. I will take good care of Chestnut, and where victory's banners wave, there will the sounds of his hoofs be heard."

A moment's silence followed the soldier's last word; it was broken by the return of the sergeant, who carried a rich saddle.

The girl's eyes flashed again when she saw "You cannot have Chestnut," she said, firm-

y, glancing at Tarleton, as she stepped past him and stopped at the horse's head. "Emily, do you know whom you address? exclaimed the planter, with face pallid with mingled rage and fear. "I have given Chestnut to him, thinking, of course, that you would sanction the donation with joy. Why, girl, this is the great Colonel Tarleton."

"King George himself shouldn't have Chest-nut!" she answered, with flashing eyes, and with the last word quivering on her lips, she

turned upon the groom "Take the horse back to his stall!" she said, in an imperative tone. "Things have come to a pretty pass in the Carolinas when a woman cannot keep her own property. What are you staring at, Nero? Take Chestnut to his stall, Obey me, and not persons who have no control over the horse!"

The negro, catching an affirmative nod from his master, whose displeasure he feared, turned and led the beautiful charger away.

Tarleton glanced at the girl, and bit his lip,

when he caught the triumphant light that flash ed in her eyes.

"Colonel Tarleton, I do not like to ruin great expectations," she said, with a smile that startled him; "but, sir, I cannot part with

"But the cause, the cause, Miss; think of said the officer, more than half plead

ingly.
"There are other horses in the Carolinas; there are women who would willingly give their favorites to Colonel Tarleton, but Emily Laurens is not among the number!"

She passed the British dragoons a moment later, and disappeared within the house.
"What does this mean?" cried Tarleton, stepping hastily to the partisan's side. "Do you permit your children to cross you thus? Is

your daughter Emily a rebel?"
"A rebel? Emily Laurens a rebel?" exclaimed the old man, starting back. "There are Laurenses in South Carolina who fight in the rebel cause; but none of my family have disgraced the name. My daughter is a little selfwilled. She is nettled because we did not consult her about Chestnut." "Oho!" exclaimed Tarleton, with a smile.

'I consider the horse mine."
"Yours he is," said Laurens. "I do not intend that a girl shall over-rule me. A word

in private with you, colonel."

The two men stepped to the end of the porch. "Send several good troopers to my stables at midnight, colonel," said the planter. "The coast will be clear, and Chestnut will be yours without further dispute."

Tarleton looked at Laurens, and took his

hands.

"The horse shall not be taken without being paid for. To-morrow I will send your daughter five hundred guineas."

"Which I will keep on interest for her," said Laurens, opening his eyes in amazement.

"When the war has ended—when Emily has ceased to think of her horse—I will acquaint her with Colonel Tarleton's liberality."

her with Colonel Tarleton's liberality. From the porch the party adjourned to the ouse, where, after toasts to King George and the war in the South had been drunk, the troopers prepared to depart. Emily Laurens heard all that passed from her boudoir, and she rejoiced when she saw the British colonel ride

away on his own Bess, and not on Chestnut.

"Does he think that I am to be outwitted, and that before dawn?" exclaimed the girl.

"Did not that whispered conversation on the porch mean that Chestnut is to be taken from

rose-leaves in the garden, when Emily Laurens stole from the house and glided like a specter

A woman's voice replied:

"Chestnut is Emily's horse; but she will not object. I believe that she will be proud to see Passing to the right of the negro cabins, the determined girl reached the stable, wherein determined girl reached the stable, wherein Nero had lately stalled the coveted horse.

She opened the door and listened, but the si-

lence was as dense as the gloom about her.
"Hugh?" The name was spoken in a guarded tone,

but distinctly. For a moment there was no response; then a noise, like some person or animal moving in the hay in the mow, fell on the girl's ears.

"Emily?"

The speaker was quite near the partisan's daughter, for she put out her hands, saying: "I am here, Hugh. Heaven be praised that you have not been discovered!"

Before she had finished, her hands were grasped by others which she could not see, and a man's voice said: "Yes, yes, I owe my life to you, Emily.

regret that I must leave you in the midst of a country overrun by Tarleton's troopers—the same who cut us down at Waxhaw Creek." "But you are flying to safety. We have no

time to lose. Tarleton's men are coming back to-night. The colonel wants a horse that he will never ride. You have saddled Chest-"Chestnut? No! I could not take your favorite steed. Emily, I—"
"You must take Chestnut. I will saddle

The girl left the man near the door, and with dispatch saddled her gallant steed, who recognized her with more than one demonstration of

Here is the best horse in the Carolinas Hugh," she said with pride, when she had halt ed Chestnut in the starlight, just without the stable. "He is the fleetest steed and he will bear you to safety, and, please Heaven!

with Emily's assistance, the patriot trooper, who was wounded in the battle of Waxhaw Creek, seated himself in the saddle, and looked with pride upon the tearful but joyous face upturned to him

"Do not spare Chestnut's slender limbs," she said, "and when the war is over I will keep my

"I know you will, Emily Laurens!" he ex-

claimed, and with her kiss on his pale face he gathered up the reins. But Emily could not see him go until she had

patted Chestnut's neck and kissed the star in his orehead. Then she said, "Good-by, Hugh! good-by, Chestnut!" and saw the horse and his rider dis

A weight of suspense was lifted from her mind. The patriot lover whom she had sc-creted in the mow was mounted on the best horse in the Carolinas," and riding to

After regaining her boudoir, she raised the window and listened, until the sound of hoofs in the south caused her to smile. Tarleton's troopers were coming after Chestnut; but they were destined to find an empty

How the girl rejoiced when she saw them ride bootless toward the south again! and it was with a heart full of triumph that she laid her head on the pillow to dream of Chestnut and the man who was riding him through the

It was not until several days had passed that the Tory discovered that Tarleton's men did not take the beautiful horse from the stables. Then his wrath waxed hot, and he sent an apo logy to Tarleton which the trooper tore in twain and trampled under his feet.

One day a troop of men dashed up to the mansion, and told its inmates that Cornwallis had surrendered. The leader of the party sat on a beautiful horse which Emily recognized with a cry of delight.

It was Chestnut! Yes, Chestnut had come home again, bring ng back the same gallant fellow whom he bore

More than this, he brought Emily Lauren a patriot husband, and a man who made her appy.
Such, reader, is the story of Chestnut!

The Delaware Outlaws.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"You're feeling very comfortable, aren't you, father Pierre?" I observed, one afternoon, to Pierre La

'A belly full o' watermelons—real 'Mountain Sprouts'—a tooth full o' 'Nelson Co.' and a pipe of 'Virginity'—yes, I believe the old man is what might be called comfortable,"

lazily quoth the veteran.
"Then make me comfortable by telling about that 'rough scrape' of yours—the one you mentioned last week, when telling how the Greasers rubbed out Old Markhead."

"You're learning fast, Joe—trapping a trapper. But never mind. You give me tobacco and I give you yarns. I guess we're pretty even. So here goes," and the ex-trapper told

the following: The story of the uprising in Texas valley was not long in spreading over the country, though our telegraph generally had six legs—a horse and its rider You know well enough what was the result. The varmints paid dear enough for their little bit of sport—and yet the lives of the whole cowardly kit was small satis

faction for what they had done.

First there was the murder of Old Markhead and Gaston. Then Governor Bill Bent was killed, together with other good, true mountain-men. Hank Turley's distillery and mill was burnt, and the old man, after a gallant fight, murdered. But why mention them all?

Three days after the first blow, St. Vrain led his men out from Santa Fe, and "hair went wild" when he found the varmints. Greasers or Pueblo Indians stood little show against his outfit. I wasn't with them—worse luck. Tom McGammon and I had had a bit of argument over a point at cards, and the lad laid me on the shelf for a month with a bullet in the breast. I wasn't even able to see him "planted." ever, I managed to attend the little "bee" at Laforey's—the old man who betrayed Markhead, you know. We toasted him in his own

At this time there was one name that was in every white man's mouth—I mean "Big Nigger." He was a Delaware, nearly seven feet high, "built from the ground up," a dead shot, one of the best hands with a trap or on a trail that I ever saw. The devil himself couldn't frighten him, and when his boys—three Delawares, named Jim Dicky, Jim Swannick and Little Beaver—were with him, he asked odds from no party, however strong. I know one time these four men rode into a Utah village of over twenty lodges, and had their own fun. They brought out nine scalps, four squaws and near fifty horses.

This Big Nigger married a Pueblo squaw, and was one of the leaders in the insurrection. He shot Bill Bent, and played a lone hand at Turley's Mills. He killed nearly every one of the Americans that fell, and boasted of it, too. But when St. Vrain swept the valley, Big Nig-ledge ger struck out for the mountains on the Arkan-sas. Here he was joined by the other three. They caught a fellow named Kid Winkle, I be-

wares were well known. It would be no child's play to take them, since they could pick their own ground among the mountains, where the four would be equal to a small army.

So matters stood when Kit Carson come to see me. I had just gotten the better of Tom McGammon's love token, though still a little unsteady on the pins, but when Kit told me that he was going for Big Nigger, I told him to count on me. With him for a leader, I would have followed to—a hotter region than the Arkansas mountains, anyhow.

telling them what was in the wind, bade them keep a close tongue. Time enough to talk after we had brought in the scalps of the outlaws. They were outlaws now, for St. Vrain had set five hundred dollars on Big Nigger's head, and one hundred on each of the others.

Well, we set out, one dark night, with Kid Winkle for guide. Besides him, Kit and I, there was Marcellin, the only true man I ever knew among the Greasers, Ned Clayton and West Cramer—the Greasers rubbed him out,

rithin a year afterward, at the old mission. We traveled all of that night and most of the next day, only going into camp when Kid Winkle told us we were at the edge of Big Nigger's tramping ground. Kit Carson picked out a snug little valley, into which we turned our animals. They would be of little use to us at such work among the rocky hills, and only leave a broad trail behind us to tell the Delawares where we had even to the delaware where we have the delaware where where we have the delaware where where where where where we have the delaware where where where where we have the delaware where wares where we had gone.

It seemed as though we were to have but little trouble with our game, for within less than two hours from the time we had fairly entered the hills, we sighted the glare of a campfire built upon the ledge half way up the mountain. The blaze was hidden behind some bushes, and for the same reason we could not see those who had kindled it. Still we believed that we had fairly treed our game.

Kit advised us to creep up within range, and then wait until morning, when we could easily pick the varmints off as they showed themselves. but Winkle, who was nearly crazy over the loss of his ears, swore that he was not going to wait, and that if we were all afraid, he would do the work alone. That settled it. A mountain-man don't know how to take a dare

It was ticklish work creeping along that narrow, winding trail, but it was the only one we could find in the dark that led up to where the fire was burning. As you may guess, we took our time, knowing as we did that a single mis-step, a jingle of our rifles against the rocks. might bring the four Delawares upon our backs. We might have spared our pains, though. 'Twas all wasted powder, for the varmints had sighted us before sunset, and had

not lost track of us for a single moment since Just as we reached a bit of level ledge some thirty feet below that upon which rest-ed the fire, a flash of lightning seemed to light up the whole mountain side. And then, mingling with a groaning cry of agony, we heard the war-cry of Big Nigger

ring out.
"Give 'em the best you've got—remember
Bill Burt and Old Markhead!" yelled Kit Car-

we sent a load toward the point from whence the flash had come, but it did little good. The Delawares had chosen their ground well. Then they charged, no doubt thinking they could force us over the edge behind where we would fall some fifty feet, to aligh on some unpleasantly sharp-pointed rocks. But they missed it. Kit warned us to be careful not to fall into any more of the varmints

We met the Delawares firmly enough, and We met the Delawares firmly enough, and for a moment or so the play was lively; revolver against knife and hatchet; Little Beaver gave me an awkward dig in the humpribs—I heard 'twas him, since he was the only left-handed one of the party—and then dodged my return, as Big Nigger sounded the note of retreat. The next moment we were alone upon the ledge, save for one of the varmints who lay like a log in Marcellin's arms—the big Mexican had fairly choked him to death. "They mean mischief boys—don't follow 'em," said Kit. "We'd only run into another trap. Up to the ledge above. They can't

Up to the ledge above. They can't trap. pass the fire without our seeing 'em.

"They've got my ears—don't let 'em hev my skelp, too!" "You down, Winkle—but you ain' hard hit?"

"I've got it whar I live, Kit. Just yank off my ha'r, then puckachee."
"Catch hold, Lajoie—mayhap we can save him yet," muttered Kit, and the next moment we were scrambling up the steep trail toward the ledge upon which still glowed the camp-fire that had been a false

Marcellin slung his game over his shoulder and carried it to the fire. He recognized Jim Swannick.

"A hundred-dollar pelt—better 'n beaver, anyhow!" he grunted, as he passed a knife to the Delaware's heart, and then lifted the hair. We passed beyond the fire, and then hunkered down at a point where the ledge was narrower upon either hand, then we resolved to await the coming of day, or to receive the attack of the Delawares. We knew that they would never leave Swannick's scalp with us

without a desperate attempt to recover it, or avenge his death. As well as he could, in the dark, Kit looked to Winkle's hurts, and he knew that the old man was on his last trail. He had two bullets in him, one in his stomach, the other through the left breast. He must have suffered terribly, but the poor devil was game to the core. He filled his mouth with bits of rock, and in trying to choke down the groans of agony he fairly ground the pebbles to dust. I can never forget that horrible sound. He lay close beside me, and every few minutes I could hear his teeth close upon the gravel, until

the cold shiver came over me. For good two hours we waited in this suspense, hearing not a sound to tell us what the varmints were up to, though we felt they were

trying to circumvent us.

Then come the charge. With a yell of triumph, the Delawares leaped down from the rocks above, alighting fairly in our midst. The night was dark, and we could scarcely distinguish friend from enemy. How they discover-

ed our position, I can't tell.

I fired my revolver at one of the Indians, but missed. He struck at me, but I caught the blow upon my left arm, and the hatchet flew from his hand. Then I sent my knife to the haft in his breast, just as his arms closed around me. We both fell, and then fought, tooth and toe nail, like dogs, rolling over and over the rocky

Then we fell—over the edge—down—down! ger struck out for the mountains on the Arkansas. Here he was joined by the other three.

They caught a fellow named Kid Winkle, I believe, and after cropping his ears, sent word to the whites that if they wanted 'em, they must come and take them.

This made the boys hot, but 'twas nearly a month before anything was done. The Dela-

When consciousness returned, Kit was nursing me, but it was some time before he would tell me all. The vines had wound round my left me all. The vines had wound round my left leg, and kept me from following Big Nigger, who met his death nearly one hundred feet below. They found me hanging, head down, senseless, half scalped. Kit descended by a rope and I was hauled up to the ledge. The Delawares were killed, though they rubbed out Marcellin and Clayton first. Kit and Cramer were both hurt, and we were forced to lie over for a week, before we could travel to the rost. When are followed to—a notter region than the Aranasa mountains, anyhow.

Kit made no splurge over the matter, but went quietly to work. He chose his men, and belaware Outlaws—and fingered the reward,

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THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Once on a time, so legends say, A mongrel dog—a stranger— Curled up to sleep upon the hay That filled a stable manger.

He got to snoring and forgot
The ills dog-flesh is heir to:—
Of sticks and clubs, and water hot,
Which take off life and hair, too.

He thought no more of aged pans Unto his tail appended, Fire-crackers and old oyster-cans With other ills were ended.

His dreaming soul on beefsteak fed, And hunks of veal and mutton, And dainty bits of cake and bread Regaled this sleeping glutton.

At last a sheep came up to eat
And waked him from his napping,
But quick this dog made it retreat
With snarling and with snapping.

He growled, "A mortal hasto stand Much trouble and ill-using." Then laid his head upon his hand And soon again was snoozing.

In dreams he'd just begun, this cur, To chase a rabbit, crippled;— A cow came up for provender And near his leg it nibbled.

He grabbed at her and madly spoke,
"You miserable muley,
Why do you bother other folk
With conduct so unruly?"

Then he to sleep again did drop, His visions growing merry O'er life within a butcher's shop And evenings in a dairy.

Bot soon a bull came for its meal And woke the cur-intruder, At which the dog began to rail In language rather ruder—

"You old, ungentlemanly beast, I'll grasp your nose with tightness, Your manner, sir, to say the least Smacks much of impoliteness!"

To which the B. returned, "Kind sir, Your actions are too surly, You think to put on airs, you cur, Because your tail is curly.

"You eat no hay, but from it you Are keeping honest people; Get out, or I'll proceed to throw You higher than a steeple."

The cur then made a vicious snap To seize and hold on to him, But ah, unfortunate mishap! He got a horn clear through him.

The verdict of the jury that sat On him, of cattle mostly, Was—"Took a horn too much," and that It served him right and justly.

This moral, too, they gave that day

The Men of '76. KNOX,

THE ARTILLERY CHIEF.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Henry Knox Washington found one of those true men whose courage never failed, whose faith never faltered, and whose devotion to duty was ever ready for any service or sac-rifice, and the honorable record he made in the war of the Revolution gives him a chief place

Knox was born in Boston, A. D. 1750. There his youth was passed, and there the breaking out of hostilities found him, well established in business as bookseller. His heart was with his country, and his noble wife—whose father was a rank Tory—in her patriotic ardor encouraged him to abandon all and flee to the army of patriots gathering at Cambridge, to avenge the slaughter at Concord and Lexington. She followed him, concealing on her person the sword which he was destined to bear on many an ensanguined field, and which, in its battered and worn scabbard, was to grace the side of the first Secretary of War of the New

Republic. Making his way out of Boston, with great difficulty. Knox served as a volunteer in the memorable struggle at Bunker Hill, and Washington arrived at Cambridge, to institute the siege of Boston, Knox tendered his services in any capacity where he could best advance the patriot cause. He was attached as aid to the commander-in-chief's staff, and the confer ences which he attended revealed the wants and defects of the patriot army, and indicated to

The army that besieged Boston, and was to confront the British host, was almost destitute of artillery. Very few fort or field guns were available, and save those then resting in the old fortresses of the North, heirlooms of the French and Indian Wars, none were likely to be acquired, save such as might be captured from the enemy. To draw upon the store se-cured by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys in Ticonderoga, Crown Point, or St. John, those of the forts still more remote, seemed wholly impracticable, especially at that season prodigious task of bringing these guns in, with the sole aid of volunteers on the border, asking no detachment from the army. Washington did not believe the enterprise feasible, yet granted his and the necessary authority.

Knox executed the service in a remarkable manner. With incredible labor, through forests, swamps and swollen streams—over moun tains deep with snow-down the muddy valleys, the guns came, pulled by relays of men and horses obtained in the settlements, and early in the new year (1776) Washington's eyes were gladdened with the sight of artillery, which alone could make his army adequate to the work before it.

To assign the indomitable Knox to the command of the artillery was but a just recognition for the service rendered; and thereafter, as chief of artillery in Washington's own army, he was intimately associated with his chief, and served with such zeal, cool courage and skill that he became the army's pride and the commander's trusted servant.

Knox participated in all the battles which lost us New York City; he was in the dogged retreat through New Jersey, and in the gallant recoil when the patriots turned and struck the astonished enemy at Trenton and Princeton: he was in the fierce conflict at Brandywine to save Philadelphia, and at the battle of Germantown -always the watchful, reliant and skillful director of the artillery, and saving, time and again, the little army in its defeats, by cover ing its retreat. When the army went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge (1777), Knox was its idolized favorite; and though even stout hearts desponded over the wretched situation, he was ever cheerful, encouraging and confident, exerting a powerful influence both with Congress and the men in the service to reorgan ize the army and prepare for the campaign of

In the battle of Monmouth Knox was the His splendid courage His officers and men, savior of the day. shone out sublimely. emulating their chief, "fought like very dev-

ils;" his guns were moved with astonishing celerity, and were so often in the enemy's way that Cornwallis afterward confessed "the Yankee artillery alone saved Lee from utter de-struction;" and when the bloody field was won, Washington, in his general orders, bestowed upon Knox his warmest commendations.

Knox was proven to be a man somewhat after Washington's own type; cool, calm, patient, considerate, not given to envies, always observant, methodic, a strict disciplinarian, of thorough integrity, his worth developed with every new trust. He seemed, indeed, unconscious of his own merit, and was so unobtrusive that he never betrayed eagerness for responsible com-mand. But, Washington and his Generals of Division were fully conscious of the artillery chief's good qualities, and, though but a briga-dier in rank, Knox was called in every council, and his clear judgment was taken upon almost every disposition, movement and act of the army

Arnold's defection found Knox on the alert for what evil consequences might follow. His artillery was ready for instant service, at any menaced point. How far the defection ran no one knew, nor what Clinton might do to save the traitor's unparalleled infamy from being an utter defeat. Knox, Greene, Wayne, Putnam, Steuben, Lafayette, were there to confront the danger, and Washington, after a day's dismay, felt doubly assured of the future, in beholding the matchless devotion of his officers, and such general abhorrence of the traitor's crime as was expressed in the ranks. Knox was called to court martial which sat on Andre's case, and though he had a warm personal attachment for the British major, he did not shrink from the soldier's duty to assign the spy to the

When the seat of war passed to the south and Washington made his hurried transfer of forces from New York and New Jersey to Virginia, to confront Cornwallis, Knox maintain ed his command there, and at the siege of Yorktown acted with such splendid efficiency as to add greatly to the success of the siege and to command the enthusiastic admiration of his brother officers. Knox was, for his conceded good judgment and eminent services in the field, chosen one of the three commissioners to arrange the terms of Cornwallis' surrender. Congress then hastened to repair its tardy re-cognition of his merit by creating him a major-general. Few men in the whole service had better earned that eminent grade. Knox returned to the north again, to watch

the enemy in New York, and received from Washington, with the approbation of his companions-in-arms, the high honor of receiving the surrender of New York City, which occurred Nov. 25th, 1783, with stately ceremony, and amid the wildest enthusiasm of army and citizens, and Washington's entry, at the head of his generals and aids, forms one of the most imposing incidents of that century of great events. Side by side with his chief rode the trusty Knox, undoubtedly the most beloved by

his commander of all that gallant host.

Washington's farewell to his brethren in arms occurred at New York, Dec. 4th. It was a most affecting scene. The great commander is said, in parting with Knox, to have clasped him in his arms, and to have shed tears—a singular proof of the attachment between those two most admirable men.

In the reunion of officers that followed, Knox proposed the society of The Cincinnati which was to bind those patriots in bonds of fellowship when peace should scatter them to their homes. Knox was chosen its first vice-president—their honored Washington being honorary president.

The disbanding of the army brought with it serious danger. The troops and officers were unpaid; Continental money was almost wholly worthless; States were impoverished and Congress powerless to restore prosperity, or to give back to any soldier the business and home he had sacrificed for the country. The men were to disband to—what? To idleness and starvaral; and Knox found himself called upon to exert all his personal influence, which was so great, to allay the disorder, and to send the men away peaceably, in detachments, to their

To Knox was assigned the command of the important post of West Point; but he retired at the close of the year (1783) to Maine, where his wife held inherited estates

He was not, however, long permitted a citien's repose, for Congress soon called him from etirement to act as Secretary of War, a posi ion of great responsibility, to which he gave his best energies. The service he the ed cannot be too highly commended. The service he then render

When Washington was elected to the Presidency, Knox was named as his Secretary o War and Navy, and so remained until 1795 when he resigned, having well earned a right to the rest he now craved. Before retiring he had, by his strenuous exertions, induced Congress to create an American navy-of he may, therefore, justly be styled the father. his elegant residence at Thomaston Maine, he dispensed a sumptuous hospitality at times entertaining as many as one hundred guests! This hospitality told upon his purse so everely as to cause him embarrassment during

the last years of his life. Knox died at Thomaston in the year 1806, from a singular accident—the swallowing of a chicken bone, which produced mortification and resulted in death.

In person Knox was large and commanding of appearance, with large face, low but broad forehead small but brilliant gray eyes. He always dressed in black and wore a black handkerchief around his left hand, wounded and mutilated at Monmouth. This handker chief he always twisted and untwisted in the ardor of conversation. He was of a genial disposition, laughed heartily and talked loudly from natural strength of voice, which field His mind command had tended to develop. was of an order rare in men-quick to act in emergency, but excessively cautious and prudent in ordinary, with a judgment of almost No man could have better unerring precision. filled the place assigned to him in the great drama of founding the Republic, and no name shines in our history with fairer luster than that of Henry Knox.

Sentiment and a Tin Gutter.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"Is Mr. Madock in?" "No, madam," I answered to the swift, peremptory tones of the stylish lady who had

questioned me. What a nuisance!" she said, petu-'Pshaw! lantly. She always spoke in that way if anything crossed her. I knew who she was She had been in our shop several times and I did not like her, for all her pretty ways when she was pleased, and her handsome face, and elegant dress.

"Can you not leave a message, ma'am, for simply, commencing to descend the ladder. But I saw the pretty face get pallid and scared, Mr. Madock?" I said.

"Of course; I'll have to. Be sure you are not so stupid as to forget it!"

"Here is paper, if you want to write it," I said, doggedly.

She flashed her dark eyes at me furiously.

"None of your insolence, sir; but tell Mr. Madock to send some one around to my house, this very day, to fix the tin gutter of the roof, which has become disconnected with the leader. Remember, to-day, to Mrs. Buchanan's, 153 Elfwood street."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, not putting down the address, as I knew it already; and she swept

"How I hate such women!" I thought, going on with the work of polishing a stove which her entrance had interrupted. "She thinks every one must be ready to bow down to her cause she is rich. And she looks down on those who are poor and work with their hands for a living. I suppose she thinks no one connected with a tin-shop good enough for her to treat as politely as an equal, even old Madock, himself."

If, in my bitterness and boyishness, I seemed to mention my employer disrespectfully, I am sure there was no such feeling in my heart. I fully appreciated the honest kindness of the man who had given shelter and work to me when my poor mother, his tenant, died and left me, her only child, a helpless orphan. I was twelve years old, then, and unusually intelligent for my age. I knew nothing more of my relations than that my mother had often told me I came of a refined and educated family, and I must study hard to some day occupy the place in society that a Denfield should. That was my name—Denfield, Otto Denfield. My ambitions for myself were quite as high as were my mother's for me. But when, one morning, I awoke to find her dead-my ambitions met their death, too. No clew was found to my friends, and I was compelled to choose between being sent to some asylum or accepting Mr. Madock's offer to take me into his shop and teach me his trade.

I chose the latter, and for three years had slept in the tin-shop, eaten my meals up stairs, with my master's family, been decently clothed and allowed to read and study all liked, so long as I did my work faithfully through the day. Still, there was a great dea of bitterness in my young heart against my fate, and such arrogant persons as Mrs. Buchanan always had power to arouse it. But my reflections after that lady's departure were oon interrupted by the entrance of my em ployer. I gave him the message and in return he directed me to find Griswold, one of the head workmen, and go around to 153 Elfwood street with him and repair the gutter.

I obeyed the order, and soon Griswold and I were carrying a long ladder through the sloppy streets. It was an afternoon in late winter, warm and sunshiny as May; and a recent snow storm was disappearing, as by magic, under the caresses of a warm wind and the fervent kisses of the sun.

We placed the ladder against the extension of Mrs. Buchanan's house, for the leaky gutter was at the rear, and ascended to its roof; then we pulled the ladder to the top of the extension and placed it against the back of the house, and climbed to the higher roof, and were soon busily working at the corner of the wing. Presently a sound at a window attracted my attention. The highest windows were not fullsized, and the upper sash of one had been lowered and a little girl stood there, looking out at us. She seemed about nine or ten years old, though she was very fair and slight, and I thought her the prettiest child I had ever seen, as she rested her little folded arms upon the lowered sash and pushed her head of silky yel-low curls out into the golden air, and watched us curiously with her large hazel eyes. I cast frequent glances at the lovely picture until it vanished; then I did not think of looking at tion, in many instances; to destitution in nearly all cases. That discontent should ripen into the extension, and, so, before I could quite threat and threat into violence was but naturealize what had happened, a fairy figure had "Really, what unqualified praise for one woman to bestow upon another," I laughed; and then I went away to dress for the ball, climbed the ladder and stood beside us.

"Isn't it a happy place up here?" were her first words, uttered with a little ecstatic catch for breath, her eyes turned toward the skies, er tiny hands clasped over her bosom. Griswold and I both stared at her.

said, as he turned to go on with his work: "Be careful not to go near the edge, Miss." "Isn't it a happy place up here?" she repeated again, earnestly, not heeding him, but fixing

I felt the blood rush hot to my cheeks, and I emember how the sun-warmed breeze blew deliciously against them as I looked into the lovely questioning eyes, and said:

What makes you think it a happy place?" "Oh! it is so near the beautiful skies it makes one feel good, you know. I am a dreadful naughty girl, sometimes. I have been naughty to-day, so mamma said I was to stay alone, up in my own room, the rest of the af-ternoon. But I think if I could always be up

here I could always be good.' "But the skies are not always beautiful," I aggested. "What would you do when it is cloudy and stormy?

"Oh! stay in the house and frown, and pout, and cry like the skies, I suppose," she answered, with a little laugh. "I do not understand how you can ever do

that," I said, gently She opened her lovely eyes in pretty amaze.

"Because you have everything to make you always happy, such a beautiful home, and you can attend school, and you have a father and "And haven't you a father and mother, and

and—" she ended in confusion, a bright blush spread all over her little face. And can I not attend school! And am I

not rich? No! I have not a friend in the world; and I am forced to work for my support though I hate it, and want to study and "Then you will be one, some day!" she said.

with an earnest face and the solemn air of a prophetess. "For you ain't like me, a lazy, fretful little girl, who, mamma says, is good for nothing but to be troublesome. smart, I know, and you'll get to be a great man; and have an awful lot of friends; and I ust wish then you'd remember me, my name's Mabel-Mabel Buchanan, and that I like you

"Mabel! Mabel! You disobedient child! What do you mean by going up there and talking to such people?" cried Mrs. Buchanan, her handsome, angry face appearing at the lower window. "You're constantly disgracing yourself and you'll disgrace your family some day!" "Why, mamma,' called Mabel, defiantly, holding my hand as she advanced to the edge of

the roof, "he's every bit as good as us." "None of your insolence, you naughty girl! Let go his hand and come down this instant! and I'll see whether I can't break you of your

low associations!" Good-by. I like you," the little girl said, and that she clung convulsively to the ladder Her downward glances had rendered her dizzy In an instant I swung myself to the under side of the ladder and so reached her just in time to save her from falling, and clinging thus, I assisted her safely down.

'You'd better get back to your work, sir and I shall not forget to report you to Mr. Madock, for not attending to your business," was Mrs. Buchanan's angry greeting to myself, as she hurried Mabel through the window.

"Oh, don't scold him, mamma, when he has just kept me from falling!" I heard my little defender say, pleadingly, as the window was closed between us. A few minutes later Griswold joined me, and, the tin gutter being properly repaired, we went our way.

It was, perhaps, a month after my acquaintance with little Mabel Buchanan that a young voman entered our shop and asked for "The b'y, sir, what helped to fix the tin gutter at Missus Buchanan's."

"Wasn't that you, Otto?" called out Mr. Ma-

"Yes, sir," replied I, going forward.
"Oh, if yees be the one, here's a little packet the young Miss was after sendin' yees," said the young woman, placing a tiny brown-papered bundle in my hand. And then she flounced

out of the shop. I was very surprised, but I had an odd feeling that I could not open little Mabel's package before any one, so I quietly slipped it in my pocket until, at noontide, I was left alone. Then I opened the wrapper and found inclosed a miniature-case and a note. I undasped the case, and to my astonishment, looked into the pictured eyes of Mabel Buchanan, her silky, yellow curls clustering all about the pretty face. I unfolded the note, and read what there written, in a childish, cramped hand:

"I can't call you anything for I don't know your name, but I want you to remember me and I want to thank you for keeping me from falling that day, and to let you know that we are going to move to New York. I send you my picture, it's all I have yot to send, but when you get to be a learned man you will know me by it, and come and find me, won t you? I send this by the cook. She's real kind, and she'll find you.

MABEL BUCHANAN."

I took up Mr. Madock's pen and wrote, at the bottom of the note:

"April, 186—I will be a learned man, and I will find Mabel Buchanan then, OTTO DENFIELD."

And I shut the note in the case, and the first money that I earned was spent in having my own picture put opposite Mabel's.

"Oh! Denfield," my pupil said, enthusiastically, coming up the walk of the lawn that spread in front of Judge Carlyle's handsome cottage at Newport. "Oh! Denfield, I've seen just the handsomest girl! Prettier, by Jove, than any hing we've seen in Europe! I'm going to get presented to-night, and you mus come with me. She's stopping at — Hotel!"

'And her name?" "It's Adrian; you'll promise to come, will you not, Denfield?"

"I shall be there, for I'm to have the honor of escorting Miss Carlyle."

"Oh, going with Florence! All right, so long as you're there;" and Algernon Carlyle, who had been my pupil and companion for

eighteen months, though only five years my junior, swung himself off to the stables, leaving me to the enjoyment of the society of his sis ter, who was just coming upon the breeze-swept piazza. She was a tall, elegant brunette, with quiet pleasing manners, that had charmed me into entertaining almost as great a fondness for her as for her rollicking young brother.
"You will see the belle of Newport, to-night,
Mr. Denfield," she said to me, as we parted at

dinner that day. 'Indeed! have I not seen her yet? Pray what

is her name and style?" "She is a Miss May Adrian, rather petite and blonde, and beautiful as an angel."

with thoughts su ted by Florence Carlyle's words, of little Mabel Buchanan, whose pretty face had stayed with me through the long ten years that had passed since she sent me it, miniatured.

"There is Miss Adrian, with Algernon," said Miss Carlyle, soon after we entered the ball-room. "Isn't she lovely?"

"That Miss Adrian! are you sure!" I ex

claimed, in a startled tone, as my eyes fell upon the dainty creature whose flower-like face, with its deep hazel eyes, was lifted to Algernon's, and whose head was coroneted with a mass of silken, rippling, yellow hair.
"Certainly. Do you know her?"

Her face is strangely like to that of a little girl I knew once; but her name was not Adrian. Shall we have this waltz?"

Later I stood alone on the balcony, in the shadows, and Algernon and Miss Adrian came

"Who is that gentleman, Mr. Carlyle, who has been so devoted to your sister this evening? His face troubles me, oddly, as if I had once known him."

His name is Mr. Denfield. He has been sort of tutor to me for some time, a companion in my travels. He is going to take a profes sorship at one of our best colleges now. a splendid fellow, regularly good company, and very brilliant. I hope he and Florence will make a match; she's just the girl to appreciate

"Of course," laughed Miss Adrian-and I seemed to know that silvery laughter-"after your glowing description I'm awfully afraid of him; still, I think I'd like to be presented, just to see if he would find me worthy his notice."

I think Miss Adrian was quite satisfied that I

did find her worthy my notice; and I saw a creat deal of her during the next few days. Then there came a bit of news to my earsdiscussed by Miss Carlyle and her brother at breakfast—that revealed to me that I utterly and madly loved the belle of Newport. realthy bachelor gentleman had arrived at her hotel, who was come as May's suitor. the house and walked rapidly seaward, and so, fortunately met Miss Adrian. She begged that I would turn and walk with her, and I gladly complied with her request.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Adrian," I commenced, determined to learn my fate at once. "It is a very little sentence, but it implies that a soul's happiness is at stake.

A scarlet tide came and went in her fair cheeks, and her hazel eyes drooped; and she was

"Have you nothing to say to me," I cried. 'Not one word! Am I not even worth an answer?"

'Yes," she answered, gravely; "I love you! "Thank God!" "But only last night, Mr. Denfield, my

mother forbade all further intercourse with For what reason?"

the same, and have loved you since we first met! Shall I tell you why?"

Yes, my own. "When only a little girl, I fell in love with a poor boy who was repairing a tin-gutter at our house; and I imagined you looked like my vouthful hero.

I took from my breast-pocket a miniature, and placed it in her hands.
"Oh, Mr. Denfield! Is it possible?"

"Quite so, my darling; and you see I have been true to your memory and have sought to fulfill your prophecy. And now will you tell me why my Mabel Buchanan is called May Adrian?"

"Oh! papa died shortly after we moved to New York, and when mamma married again she desired me to adopt my step-father's name; and then I got to using May for short, while at boarding-school."

"And now that you know I am Otto Den-field, once a tin-man's apprentice, you care for

me no less?"

"Never less, Otto! But—how odd! I have the claims of another suitor to dismiss to-day, and his name, too, is Denfield! He is old, and I never would have married him, though my step-papa desired that I snould, when of

"Old and rich? Mabel, will a heart's deep love stand you instead of your mother's appro-

val and another man's wealth?"
"You shall see! Please may I have the pictures until I see you again—at three, in our parlor? "Yes; and will you wear this ring, my sweet—it is very odd and old, but my mother left it me—until I can replace it with our be-

"No, not until I come to you quite free your very own Mabel, this afternoon!" At the hour appointed by Miss Adrian, I was

ushered into her parlor. Mrs. Adrian, still handsome, still haughty, leaned upon a lounge. In her hand she held the miniatures of Mabel and myself, surveying it with anything but a pleased face. She glanced up at my entrance, and broke forth into contemptuous speech:
"So you are the original of this; and you

dare ask the hand of my daughter? I am not astonished at your impudence, but let me end it by assuring you that she shall never marry you. She is engaged to Mr. Hugh Denfield, of Philadelphia, and is to become his wife this

"You are mistaken, madam," a gentleman said, quietly, who had entered with me. "Your daughter has declined paying me that honor, and since I cannot win her myself, I should be and since I cannot win her myself, I should be greatly pleased to see this young man become her husband. Then, at least my cousin's—your husband's—wishes that she shall marry a Den-field will be fulfilled. This is Otto Denfield,

my only relative and heir."
"How fortunate, Otto darling, that I did
not wear your mother's ring until I had dismissed your uncle; or, perhaps, you two would never have discovered your relationship," my

little wife said to me, the other day.

"How fortunate," I replied, "that I tested
my Mabel's love for me before I knew of my

own near good fortune."
"Rather, Otto, how nice that the breaking of our tin gutter developed so much sentiment, and gave us, even then, to each other."

"Yes, sweet, ours is a case of sentiment and a tin gutter."

Ripples.

"Max" wants to know how he may break through the conventionality which compels him to leave his girl at half-past ten. Give a minister \$4.50, and tell him to put a stop

A negro was scalded to death from a boiler explosion in New Orleans last week, and on his combstone they chiseled deeply, "Sacred to the memory of our 'steamed friend."

A sweet, pretty way of arranging the hair for a very young lady, is to wave the hair and throw it back without parting, and confine it at the nape of the neck in two full curls by a care essly tied bow.

The mewl (wrote a schoolboy) is a larger oird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with; and it wears its wings on the side of its head. It s stubbornly backward about going forward.

A young lady dressed in much false hair was warbling at the piano, and when her mother summoned her to assist in some household duies, her rosy lips opened poutingly and snapped out: "Oh, do it yourself," and then went on singing, "Kind words can never die." A Buffalo man dreamed that he was going over the Falls, and he had his wife by the

throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she struck at an Anne Connet, a pretty girl over in New Jerey, was acquitted of the charge of burglary, whereupon she threw her arms around the judge's neck and kissed him. And now all the

narried lawyers around Plainfield are candidates for judge. The time for a man to stand firmly by Job's example is when he washes his face with homenade soap and begins to paw around over the chairs with his eyes shut, inquiring for a towel, quick, and is told that the towel is in the drawer, out the keys are lost.

When a Boston girl breaks her engagement with a man and her friends expostulate with her, she only has to say that his views on the theosophic doctrine of cosmogony are loose, and they realize at once how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness with such a person.

A young man, the offspring of pious parents n picking up his hair-brush the other morning, bserved among the bristles a soft, fine thread of amber-colored hair, about a foot and a half ng. He thought for a few moments, and then muttered: "Ah! in these times no man is

It has got around here that this is said to be the season when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and as Mr. Tennyson throws a halo of romance about the cause for it, and does not mention that it usually arises from a torpid state of the liver, the men who

sell anti-bilious pills are naturally indignant. The other day, when a couple were holding an angry argument, the husband raised his hands and exclaimed: "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!" The wife at once broke down, and as she sobbed, she gasped out: her at the opera, I suppose; but if she had to split wood, wash dishes and take care of six hildren, she wouldn't look any better'n I do-

A lady remarked to a popular divine that his sermons were a little too long. "Do. think so?" said she—"just a little?" dear madam," replied the divine, "I am afraid "For what reason?"

"Because you are not wealthy—only a professor. Do not be angry, for I love you just fashion nowadays is condensed mik."

you don't like 'the sincere milk of the Word.'"

"Yes, I do," said she; "but you know the fashion nowadays is condensed mik."

hoo!"